The Outlook

Volume 78 Saturday, September 17, 1904 Number 3

CONTENTS

THE WEEK

Mr. Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance..... 151
Vermont and the Campaign Elsewhere.... 152
Progress of the Campaign..... 153
A Victory for the Public..... 154
The Russian Retreat..... 155
The Baltic Fleet..... 156
The Battle of the Blues and the Browns..... 156
The End of the Butchers' Strike..... 156
George C. Lorimer..... 157
The Mormons in Canada..... 157

EDITORIALS

Political Issues..... 158
The British Case against Tibet..... 161
A Case in Journalistic Ethics..... 163
Impressions of a Careless Traveler: San Francisco..... 164

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES

A Visit to "A Certain Place"..... 171
By George Kennan

Negro Enterprise: An Institutional Church.. 179
By Isabel D. Allen

The Mountains.—XXI. On Going Out. XXII. The Lure of the Trail..... 183
By Stewart Edward White

The Situation in Santo Domingo..... 189
By Sigmund Krausz

The Political Issues: A Free Parliament.. 168

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

American Politics (Curtis, Stearns)..... 192
Books of the Week..... 194

CORRESPONDENCE..... 196

THE OUTLOOK is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

PRICE.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

POSTAGE IS PREPAID by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

HOW TO REMIT.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

LETTERS should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A 6% INVESTMENT

Based on New York City realty and issued by a Company with a

SIXTEEN YEARS' SUCCESSFUL RECORD

The **American Real Estate Company** is the oldest real estate corporation doing business in New York, the largest owner of real estate at stations of the new Underground Rapid Transit System, the largest private owner of dock property on Manhattan Island, and the owner of New York's most beautiful suburb, Park Hill-on-the-Hudson. In the enlargement of its business the Company issues **6% Certificates, both interest and principal guaranteed,** the interest payable semi-annually by coupons at the Chemical National Bank, New York, and the principal repayable upon maturity of the Certificate, ten years from date of purchase.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET

giving full information regarding these Certificates, together with map and detailed description of the extensive property-holdings of the Company. The AMERICAN REAL ESTATE COMPANY was founded in 1888 and has earned and paid 6% interest to its thousands of certificate-holders for more than sixteen years. On Jan. 1, 1904, its Assets amounted to $6,212,807.34, including Capital and Surplus of $1,008,502.54.

AMERICAN REAL ESTATE COMPANY

915 DUN BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

PANSY CORSET

THE new Pansy Models are cut according to the latest lines now in vogue in Paris. This season they will be worn slightly longer over the hips, with less dip to the waist, and somewhat higher bust.

The laced-front corset is much used abroad, and promises to be one of the leading models this season.

All Pansy Corsets are hand-made by the very best French corsetieres. The most carefully selected materials are used in their making, and every little detail is given the utmost care.

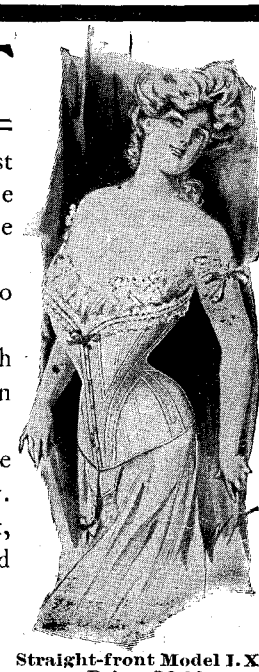
It is one of the very few corsets in which genuine whalebone is used throughout, thus insuring both suppleness and durability.

The style and variety of models make it possible to fit stout, medium, and slender figures as perfectly as if the corset had been made to order.

Booklet showing the new models mailed free on request.

James McCutcheon & Co.

14 West 23d Street, New York



Straight-front Model I. X. Price, $6.00

Beyond doubt the best hand-made French corset in the market for the price. It is made of plain Coutile, lace trimmed; carefully finished throughout. Sizes 18 to 21 inches. Other models up to $28.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904

Mr. Roosevelt's Letter of Acceptance

It is not necessary to agree with the views expressed by Mr. Roosevelt in his letter of acceptance, published on Monday of this week, to recognize that those views are given with great explicitness. The Republican candidate meets squarely every issue raised by the Democratic platform. He is clear in his language because his convictions are evidently clear. Such convictions he ascribes to the party as a whole, and upon them bases his explanation of party success in the last eight years. Taking up first the issue raised by the accusation of unconstitutional procedure in connection with the establishment of the Panama Republic and the acquirement of the Panama Canal by the United States, Mr. Roosevelt asserts that the action of the Executive was not only within the limits laid down by the Constitution, but was indeed the inevitable consequence of following the obligation laid upon the Executive by the Constitution. "The Constitution," he says, "must be observed positively as well as negatively." It was his duty, therefore, not merely to avoid mistakes, but to serve the country. With regard to other matters of foreign policy he cites case after case, such as the protest against the Kishenev massacre, the practical outcome of the Hague Tribunal, the settlement of the Alaskan boundary line, and the obtaining of the just rights of American citizens in Turkey, and then asks what objection the Democratic party has to offer. He denies that in issuing the recent pension order the Executive encroached upon the authority of any other branch of the Government. He points to the precedents established by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. McKinley. The order, he declares, "is justified, not merely on legal grounds, but also on grounds of public morality." He makes this challenge: "If our opponents come into power they can revoke this order, and announce that they will treat the veterans of sixty-two to seventy [years of age] as presumably in full bodily vigor and not entitled to pensions. Will they now authoritatively state that they intend to do this?" Criticisms of the Administration's attitude toward the trusts, he points out, are mutually destructive. He replies directly to Judge Parker's opinion "that the common law, as developed, affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies," by these words:

> But there is no common law of the United States. Its rules can be enforced only by the State courts and officers. No Federal court or officer could take any action whatever under this. . . . To say that action against trusts and monopolies should be limited to the application of a common law is equivalent to saying that the National Government should take no action whatever to regulate them.

He reasserts his well-known conviction that every man should "live his life and dispose of his property and his labor as he deems best, so long as he wrongs no one else." In reply to charges of militarism and extravagance against the Administration, he points out, on the one hand, that the army is now relatively smaller than it was on a peace establishment in the days of Washington and of Jefferson; and, on the other hand, that the apparent deficit at present is due to the payment outright for the Panama Canal and the reduction of the war taxes. He asks what specific expenditure the Democratic party proposes to abandon. He calls attention to the policy of the Administration in protecting citizens abroad and to the extension of non-partisan civil service. He reaffirms the Administration's policy in the Philippines, denies that the opposition has any consistent policy to propose in its place, and rests the case on the interests of the Filipinos themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indeed, he points to the policy in the Philippines as a sound example of the methods which should be adopted in insuring civil rights to people within the United States without regard to race or color.

❀

On the Tariff

To the tariff Mr. Roosevelt devotes more space than to any other subject. He stands squarely, first, for the protective system, and, second, for reciprocity. The Outlook will hereafter discuss the issue which he raises; that he raises this issue perfectly clearly is characteristic of the letter as of its writer. The Democratic platform calls protection "robbery," and denies that it is either right or constitutional. Mr. Roosevelt replies that protection is both right and constitutional. Against the individualism of the Democratic theory he states the principle of fraternalism; that it is right for a free popular government to adjust its system of taxation so as to promote general prosperity. Moreover, the Democratic party maintains that changes in the tariff should be made in accordance with the principle that taxation should be levied solely for the purpose of meeting government expenses. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, as explicitly maintains that the tariff should be revised, whether directly or by reciprocal trade agreement, for the purpose of enlarging the market for American products. Although Mr. Roosevelt does not say so, his position is equivalent to asserting that it is just, even at the sacrifice of the few, to benefit the whole. His entire argument in favor of the protective system is devoted to showing that farmers, manufacturers, and wage-earners all participate in advantages from the market assured by the protective system. But Mr. Roosevelt apparently does not see the moral aspect of the question even as raised by him. He says that to speak of the tariff as robbery, "thereby giving it a moral relation," is both rhetorical and false. The opponents of the protective system of course do not accept the assumptions on which the argument is based; on the contrary, they hold that under that system the few are benefited at the expense of the many; therefore they count it a moral question. It seems to us perfectly clear, even if all that he contends for is granted, that the question whether the Nation may rightfully act in its collective capacity for the benefit of the whole body, or whether it must merely protect the individual, and leave the general advancement to the interaction of private interests, is profoundly and radically a moral question. In this, as on other questions, however, Mr. Roosevelt is not ambiguous. His defense of his party, and specifically of his administration, is as perspicuous as it is pungent. As was to have been expected, he is not content with defense, but attacks the Democratic party with skill at its weakest points.

❀

Vermont and the Campaign Elsewhere

Vermont's Republican plurality of between 31,000 and 32,000 is regarded as an indication of National victory. The Republicans gained in eight counties and lost in six counties, the comparisons showing a net loss of 444 from the 1900 vote. The Democrats gained in only three counties and lost in eleven, making a net loss of 1,029. The Senate will be solidly Republican, while last year there were five Democrats in that body. The Republicans have also made gains in the upper house of nearly twenty Representatives. In Arkansas the biennial election was held on September 5, and Governor Davis was re-elected by a reduced plurality; in many counties the Democratic local ticket had no opposition. The Republican plurality in Maine is about 30,000—3,000 less than in 1900, 18,000 less than in 1896. The Democrats have sought to strengthen their canvass by having a great congress of editors, with a banquet, and a trip to Esopus to see Judge Parker. Mr. Henry Watterson's speech at this banquet was filled with invective aimed at Mr. Roosevelt, and hailed Judge Parker as a "second Tilden." Judge Parker challenged the statement in the Republican National platform that it (the Republican party) "has displayed a high capacity for rule and government, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been made more conspicuous by the incapacity and infirmity of purpose shown by its opponent." He pointed out that the annual expenditure for Mr. Cleveland's first term was $269,000,000. For the last three years it has been $519,000,000. Under Roosevelt a surplus of $80,000,000 had disappeared and there was a deficit of $42,000,000 in sight. Judge Parker also admonished his hearers regarding the outlook. The result in Vermont was a warning to all Democrats that they must co-operate and work hard. Thus far there has been a lack of coherence and direction about the Democratic campaign that has caused the deepest concern to the supporters of Judge Parker, and remedies are not being applied. In Connecticut the Democrats have held an entirely harmonious convention. Judge A. Heaton Robertson, of New Haven, was nominated for Governor. He is a conservative, but the radical wing of the party pledge him hearty support. In New Jersey, on the other hand, the radicals and conservatives in the party are at daggers' points, and the former supporters of William R. Hearst will nominate a third ticket. Both parties are working very hard in Indiana and Wisconsin, as well as in the other so-called doubtful States in the East—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, and West Virginia. The Republican situation in Colorado has not improved, and there is trouble for the same party in Utah, where the leading Republican paper has bolted the State ticket, claiming that that ticket stands for Smoot and Mormonism. The Democrats in Idaho have already flatly repudiated Mormonism, and are endeavoring to put their opponents in a position of sanctioning polygamy. There has been little change in the Congressional situation noted two weeks ago, except that the Republican National Committee is taking an interest in many of the doubtful districts in States which do not need attention on the electoral ticket. For this work such speakers as Senator Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, and Secretary Taft are being utilized on the stump. There has been no improvement in the Republican Congressional outlook in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Kansas. At this writing the Republicans of New York are gathering at Saratoga for their State Convention, and the interest in the outcome is unabated. The Democrats are postponing their ticket-making until the Republican candidates are disclosed. William A. Gaston has decided not to run for a third time as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and the chances seem strongly to favor Mr. Olney running against Governor Bates. We are glad to see authoritatively denied the statement repeated in The Outlook last week that ex-Senator Hill had called the President "a fraud."

❀

The Progress of the Political Campaign

It is now a little over two months since the issue was joined between the Republican and Democratic parties by the two conventions at Chicago and St. Louis, and less than two months before the issues will be decided by the election in November. Thus far there is no indication that the Democratic party has made any progress toward diminishing the Republican majorities given at the last two Presidential elections. The division in the Democratic party which was so apparent at St. Louis has not been cured. One Democratic representative wants a vigorous demand for a tariff for revenue only, another dreads any proposal to disturb existing industrial conditions; one wishes to make an immediate promise of independence to the Philippines; another is equally certain that any proposal to haul down the flag will be unpopular; one lays stress on the demand of the platform for increasing the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; another on Judge Parker's affirmation that new legislation is not necessary. The demand for economy in national expenditures is not very effective with the people because economy is a virtue always glorified by the "outs," and, while legitimate criticism of Mr. Roosevelt might have been made effective, it has been so exaggerated and he has been so caricatured as to produce a reaction. The attempt of a few Democratic orators to push the race

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue to the front may have won votes for the Democratic party in the South, where they are not needed, but it has lost votes in the North, where they are needed. The fact that Vermont has gone Republican by an increased plurality is not very conclusive of the way in which the popular tide is running, but it at least indicates that there is no tendency in the rural populations of the North Atlantic States to break away from the Republican party. The New York "Times," which is probably the ablest Democratic organ in the East, in interpreting this vote, says:

If the gentlemen at headquarters will get out among the people of this community they will probably hear from all sorts and conditions of men, in the streets and elsewhere, the almost universal opinion that they are making a losing fight. They will be told that Judge Parker's campaign reached high-water mark in the days following the publication of the gold-standard telegram; that the ebb then set in, and that since his speech of acceptance the fall of the Parker tide has been visible, and somewhat disquietingly rapid.

The New York "Evening Post," which would perhaps prefer to be classed as "Independent" rather than as Democratic, though it is enthusiastically pro-Parker and bitterly anti-Roosevelt, interprets the tide of public opinion similarly, in commenting on a public dinner given in New York City to the Democratic editors:

It is useless to blink the fact that a few more such performances as that of last night at the Waldorf-Astoria will destroy Democratic hopes of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. The Democrats entered this campaign with many circumstances favoring them. For the first time in eight years they had a candidate whom the conservatives of the party could cordially support; they were profiting by a reaction against the somewhat headlong methods of President Roosevelt; they could count on deep popular disgust with the Republican State machine in New York; they could appeal strongly to independent voters throughout the country on the issues of independence for the Philippines and tariff reform; they offered voters a chance to purge our Government of corruption by building up a sane and effective opposition. With these advantages, with the active support of thousands of the most intelligent and earnest citizens who had revolted against Bryanism, the Democrats have, as the election in Vermont plainly showed, failed thus far to rally the strength that is legitimately theirs.

The Outlook does not think the conditions at the beginning of the campaign were as favorable to Democratic success as the "Evening Post" seems to think they were; but the agreement of the "Post" and the "Times" in their interpretation of the course of events since that time is significant, and their interpretation appears to us to be borne out by the course of events.

❀

A Victory for the Public

The settlement of the threatened strike of the elevated railroad employees in New York City is a matter for general congratulation. Had it gone into effect, whichever party to the quarrel might have won, the public would have lost through serious interruption to the traffic and business of the metropolis. Apart from this, it is always a matter for congratulation that the two opposing parties in such an industrial struggle should evince a disposition to meet each other on fair terms. As has been pointed out again and again, industrial debates may be conducted on the principle of war, with a fierce desire to fight and conquer, or they may be conducted on business principles, that is, with an effort to reach a decision reasonable and fair to both sides. Last week we pointed out that there was much to be said on both sides of this controversy. The adjustment has been reached by the concession on the part of the Interborough management of the wage demanded for the motormen in the subway, namely, $3.50 for a day's work of an experienced man; while, on the other hand, the working day is to be ten hours instead of nine as demanded by the employees. The elevated engineers are also to have preference when the employees for the underground are engaged, to the extent of half their number, and to have also some preference in the selection of the runs. The agreement is for three years—another gain for industrial peace and the public—but this agreement as to time does not bind employees other than the motormen. The public is vitally interested in knowing that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men engaged for the responsible positions of handling the underground trains shall be of skill and intelligence. It is impossible to procure these qualities if the only thing considered is the lowest market rate of wages. On the other hand, it would be unwise for the unions of the engineers to insist that a motorman and a locomotive engineer must be treated on exactly the same basis. Whether it be true, as intimated in some papers, that political motives have had their influence at this particular time in leading Mr. Belmont and his associates to avoid a great strike is not of real importance. Neither is it necessary to know whether they may have been influenced by their desire to acquire other underground railroad privileges along the lines yet to be constructed. That such a strike as seemed imminent has been avoided is evidence of good sense, moderation, and a desire for conciliation which might well be imitated by those concerned in the building trades troubles in New York City, and indeed by many other parties to industrial conflicts the country over. A singular feature of this strike was the reported presence in New York City of a large body of professional "strike-breakers," under the control of a single man who is said to be prepared to furnish new employees in almost any number whenever a strike goes into effect.

❀

The Russian Retreat

The fuller reports of the battle of Liaoyang show that the Russian defeat was decided if not decisive. The mere fact that the Russian press claims a strategical victory because the Japanese turning movement did not result in cutting off and surrounding a large part of the Russian army is an almost pitiful evidence of the completeness of the Russian defeat in the battle itself. It grows more and more evident that General Kuroki's forced march and brilliant flank attack on the east and north of the main field of battle was one of the best conceived and carried out feats of modern warfare. The Russians barely succeeded in holding Kuroki's flank movement so far in check that the retreat to Mukden was effected with a reasonable amount of order and success. Whether the Russians will again face the Japanese for a great battle at Mukden, or retire further, perhaps even to Harbin, is now a most interesting question. About forty miles north of Mukden, at Tieling, is a favorable position for defense, and there seems to be some evidence that the Russians will make this their next stand. During last week there was very little fighting in Manchuria, the Russians being busy in accomplishing their retreat and the Japanese apparently waiting for rest and supplies before making further advance. Fuller reports show that the fighting during the week or more before the Russians were repulsed was of the most deadly kind, and the repeated charges, especially of General Oku's forces, tend to disprove the belief, formed after the Boer war, that hereafter all serious fighting would be at long range. In the battles about Liaoyang short-range fighting and even hand-to-hand fighting was of frequent occurrence. The Japanese official report of killed and wounded since August 26 is given at Tokyo as 17,539. The Russian loss is variously estimated at from 20,000 upward. The distance from Mukden to Harbin is about three hundred and twenty-five miles, and this gives color to the belief expressed by many that the Japanese will not attempt to seize and occupy Harbin—certainly not this year. Viceroy Alexiev has reached Harbin from Vladivostok, and there are repeated reports that the latter place will be invested by the Japanese. A significant fact is that the Emperor of Japan, in his congratulations to his army on their brilliant victory in the face of tremendous difficulties, adds that the end of the war is still in the distant future. Reports that two entirely new armies are to be formed by Russia under separate commanders, but with General Kuropatkin as commander-in-chief, are considered improbable, but it is certain that large European reinforcements are moving eastward as rapidly as the facilities of the railroad will permit. There was no news of importance from Port Arthur last week, but it is believed that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Japanese are rallying their strength for another great assault, and that it may be taking place this week.

❀

The Baltic Fleet

Somewhat to the surprise of the world at large, it was announced on Sunday last from Kronstadt that the Russian Baltic fleet had actually sailed on that day for the Far East. There has been a good deal of skepticism as to the intention of the Russian Government to send the Baltic ships East, and it is not easy to see how, after a voyage of excessive length and with inadequate facilities for coaling, the fleet can expect to be in suitable condition to meet Admiral Togo, who will undoubtedly attack it as soon as it comes within reach. The fleet is described as composed of eight battle-ships, four cruisers, and about twenty-five small craft. It is under the command of Vice-Admiral Rogestvensky, and his flagship is the Souvaroff. As described, the fleet is stronger than Togo's in battle-ships, but very much inferior in cruisers. It is announced that the ships will touch at Libau, but only for a few days; that it will there be joined by transports, colliers, and supply-ships, and will then proceed eastward, while arrangements, presumably, have been made for meeting colliers at fixed points, and without violating the accepted law as to the use of neutral ports. It is not stated whether the vessels will go by the Suez route or the Cape route, but the general opinion seems to be that the latter course will be taken. The arrival of a Russian cruiser at San Francisco is another unexpected naval event; our Government will take all proper measures to see that San Francisco is not improperly used by the cruiser if it proposes to prey on the Pacific commerce of Japan or of neutrals.

❀

The Battle of the Blues and the Browns

Only the expert judgment of the professional military umpires can determine the exact merit of the achievements of the two armies which engaged in mimic warfare and strategy on the historic field of Bull Run last week. At one time General Grant, in command of the Blue Army, obtained a positive advantage, but at the end General Bell, with his force of Browns, apparently repelled the invading Blues and occupied an impregnable position. The importance of the maneuvers from the point of view of military education is generally admitted to have been great; twenty-six thousand men were engaged, of whom five thousand were regulars and the remainder State militia. The preparations were of the most thorough sort, as is shown, for instance, by the digging of thirty wells on the old battlefield. The problems laid down for practical working out were ingenious and adapted to test the military ability of the officers and the endurance of the soldiers. It is interesting to note that the most serious criticism against those maneuvers has been of the grand review on the final day. This is pronounced by many critics almost inhuman in the demand made upon the tired and exhausted soldiers; and, furthermore, it is criticised as the only feature of the week that belongs to the showy, parade side of military life, which has now been almost entirely superseded by practical work. Generally speaking, in these maneuvers the spectacular was kept well in the background, and in many ways the conditions were such as to give the troops engaged a very fair idea of the conditions of real warfare. Training in the field is vastly more important than dress parade, and the value of experience in handling large bodies of soldiers is emphasized by the mistakes as well as the successes of such maneuvers in the open field as were practiced last week.

❀

End of the Butchers' Strike

The strike of the butcher workmen in the packing-house plants, begun on July 12, was formally declared off last week, after having been in effect for fifty-one days. That the strikers were making a losing fight had been manifest to unbiased observers for some time. Matters were made worse by the desperate and ill-judged expedient of trying to close the plants of the so-called independent concerns that had been running

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in accordance with union requirements. The New York unions started the break by voting last week to return to work. The leaders in Chicago and other Western centers then admitted the hopelessness of the situation, and on September 8 the strike was declared off. The union, however, saved something out of the wreck. The strike was called off on the basis of a definite agreement between the packers and the union, and the agreement was to cover all the centers affected. The old employees were to be taken back as fast as places could be found for them. The wages of the skilled men were to be the same as before the strike. There was a promise on the part of the packers to see that justice was done the unskilled workers. Much credit for the peaceable termination of the strike by agreement was due to Dr. Cornelia De Bay, who was assisted in her efforts by Miss Mary McDowell, head of the University of Chicago Settlement in the Chicago stock yards district, and by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House. Dr. De Bay was successful in securing an interview with Mr. J. Ogden Armour, in which she acquainted him with features of the situation that appealed to him, and led to a change in the policy being carried out by the subordinate managers in the packing plants, which was to wage the fight to a bitter end, and make no agreement whatever with the union. Representatives of packers and of the union were brought together in conference again and a settlement was soon reached. The old employees began returning to work on Saturday last. It is cause for gratification that the strike was finally brought to a peaceable termination. In the long run the packers would have lost more than they would have gained by waging the fight to the bitter end, to the complete destruction of the union. The strikers suffered a virtual defeat. Yet it is likely that conditions in the packing plants will be improved in some respects, at least, as a result of disclosures connected with the strike. The packers, it is announced, intend to abandon the old plan of keeping a large number of workmen hanging around, and giving them only a small amount of work each. Steadier work hereafter will be provided for such as are employed.

❀

George C. Lorimer The cable announces the death of the Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer at Aix-les-Bains in France, whither he had gone for his health. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Born in Scotland, in his youth an actor, converted in this country at eighteen years of age, joining the Church and devoting himself at once to the ministry, to which he was ordained in 1860, at the age of twenty-two, he has had since that time a remarkably successful ministry, in successive pastorates in Louisville, Kentucky, Albany, New York, Boston, Chicago, Boston again, and finally New York City. His success has been attested by the facts that great congregations have thronged to hear him, that they have been largely gathered from the supposed non-church-going classes, that his preaching, while attended by no remarkable emotional excitements, has been accompanied by great numbers of conversions, that those who have been converted under his ministry have stayed converted and have built up large and permanently prosperous churches, and that the church has always relinquished him with regret when called away, and, in one notable instance, has called him back again after twelve years' absence. This success was won by no meretricious acts, but by an unusual combination of qualities: an apparently inexhaustible energy, a continual intellectual development which prevented him from growing old, broad human sympathies, unusual aptitude of expression, that indescribable intellectual quality which we call level-headedness, and, most important of all, a thorough, genuine, and unmistakable consecration to his work, kept ever fresh by his sincere and unaffected piety. The Boston "Evening Transcript," the best journalistic representative of the culture of Boston, and never effusive, in an appreciative estimate of Dr. Lorimer, thus sums up the spiritual results of his work in Boston: "Tremont Temple actually got at the people and got its grip upon them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and nurtured real religion in their souls and helped powerfully toward the establishment of righteousness in the commercial and civic life of the city, and Dr. Lorimer was the general in this campaign." Rarely if ever taking part in ecclesiastical polemics, interested in life rather than in the forms of its expression, without the originality of Henry Ward Beecher or the poetic genius of Phillips Brooks, but also without the egotism of Joseph Parker or the erratic imagination and dramatic sensationalism of Dr. Talmage, Dr. Lorimer drew and held the great congregations which filled the Emanuel Baptist Church in Chicago and the Tremont Temple in Boston in the time of his most notable pulpit success, because he inspired the people with a normal, practical, and genuine religious life. The success of his ministry is a testimony to the value of a sane, continuous, and wisely directed enthusiasm in religious work.

❀

The Mormons in Canada

A recent investigation of the Mormon colony in the district of Southern Alberta in the Canadian Northwest disclosed interesting facts concerning the progress of that sect and the success of the Dominion Government in dealing with its more objectionable features. The Toronto "Globe" sent one of its special correspondents to the district, and he reports that the colony now numbers over six thousand people. It has attained this position in less than three years, is prosperous and law-abiding, but maintains rigid church rules in all cases where the civil power does not prohibit. Their prosperity is the more noteworthy from their settlement upon comparatively inferior lands. Polygamy, which was unconditionally forbidden when the Dominion Government permitted them to settle in the Northwest, is practically unknown, only two cases having been discovered by the police, who have watched carefully for infractions of the law. Some Mormons reside there, however, who have each a wife in Canada and one or more in the United States. The suppression of polygamy has not lessened the missionary zeal of the leaders, while the latter's almost absolute sway over their people threatens to make the Mormon vote a noticeable political factor, since the colony is growing very rapidly. The support of the people is repaid by the Mormon executive in oversight and care.

❀

Political Issues

I.—Shall We Approve or Condemn?

A Presidential election is not a campaign fought out between enemies; it is a great debate carried on between citizens of opposing opinions, for the better elucidation of the truth. We here begin a series of articles on the Political Issues involved in the present great debate; our object being to act as a historian, not as an advocate, to interpret the issues rather than to argue them, to tell our readers what those issues are, not what they ought to think about them. Doubtless our interpretation will be from our own point of view, which is that of faith in popular institutions, in strong government, in social and political progress, in adherence to the essential principles of our fathers, and in liberty to depart from their traditions and their precedents. In connection with these editorials we shall open a Free Parliament, in which, subject to certain rules there laid down, our readers will be invited to give a free expression to their opinions on these issues, especially to such as contradict or criticise our editorial interpretations.

For the nearly eight years which have elapsed since the inauguration of President McKinley in 1897, the Republican party has been in control of both the executive and legislative departments of the Government. Its control has been characterized by radical changes both in our foreign and our domestic policy, some of them marking a decided departure from the traditions (we do not say the principles) of our forefathers. The first questions for the voter to consider are, What has the Republican party done during these eight years? and, Does he wish to approve its actions and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continue its policy, or to condemn its actions and discontinue if not reverse its policy? What, then, are the most important acts of the Republican party during the last eight years?

It has enacted a tariff law, the object of which is to promote American manufactures by discouraging and, in some cases, prohibiting all competition in the home market by foreign manufacturers.

It has taken from the Executive the power it formerly possessed to pay the public debts of the Nation in silver, and has established gold as the standard of value by requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain all forms of money at a parity with gold.

It has declared, waged, and carried to a successful issue an expensive war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba.

It has negotiated with Spain a treaty which not only emancipated Cuba, but also added Porto Rico and the Philippines to our domain, and made us responsible for the government in those countries.

It has put down an insurrection against the authority of the United States in the Philippines, and has destroyed the organization which initiated and carried on that insurrection.

It has established free trade with Porto Rico.

It has endeavored to establish a lowered tariff between the United States and the Philippines, with the ultimate purpose of establishing absolute free trade between the two communities.

It has been the means of obtaining from the United States Supreme Court a decision that the United States can own territory which is not a part of the United States and can govern subjects who are not citizens of the United States, and it has organized a government over the Philippines which is not self-government, at the same time pledging itself both by executive order and by legislative enactment to carry on that government for the present benefit of the Filipinos, and with the ultimate object of making them self-governing.

By means of diplomatic negotiations with the Papal See, it has solved the perplexing friar land problem in the Philippines in a manner satisfactory both to the Church and to the Filipino people.

It has appropriated to Porto Rico all moneys derived by taxation from the Porto Ricans, and to the Philippines all moneys derived by taxation from the Filipinos; and it has by law provided that no franchises shall be granted in the latter community except as they appear to the President to be for the benefit of the Filipinos.

It has extended a protectorate over Cuba, by which it pledges itself to guard that Republic both against foreign domination and against domestic insurrection; and it has established reciprocal trade relations with Cuba, which give to it part of the commercial advantages of full membership in the Union.

It has annexed Hawaii, with the consent of the Hawaiian Government.

It has co-operated with European powers in a military expedition in China to protect foreigners there residing from pillage and murder by mobs; and by diplomatic correspondence it has secured for China from European powers a formal recognition of China's integrity and neutrality.

It has given moral support to Panama in its revolt against Colombia by its prompt recognition of Panama's independence and its prohibition of fighting in the vicinity of the Panama Railroad, has practically secured that independence without bloodshed, has made a treaty with Panama for the construction of an Isthmian Canal, has bought the work done by the French Canal Company, has paid both the Panama Government and the French corporation, and has appointed a Commission which has already commenced preliminary work upon this interoceanic route.

It has pledged itself to maintain Federal supervision and control over the great corporations; has enforced in several important cases Federal legislation against monopolies; has been the means of obtaining from the United States Supreme Court a decision that inter-State commerce and its instruments are subject to Federal authority; has organized a special department of the Government in order more effectually to exercise that authority; and has endeavored to secure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an amendment to the United States Constitution, giving Congress power "to define, regulate, control, prohibit, or dissolve trusts, monopolies, or combinations," but has failed to do so because a unanimous Republican vote in the affirmative was not sufficient to give the necessary two-thirds majority against a unanimous Democratic vote in the negative.

It has increased and reorganized the army; has increased, and proposes still further to increase, the navy; has made larger appropriations for pensions; has extended and made efficient a postal free delivery; and has adopted the principle of Federal direction and control of irrigation works for the reclamation of arid lands, and made appropriations therefor.

It is true that some of these acts were supported by the Democratic as well as by the Republican party. This was the case with the war against Spain, the treaty with Spain, and the treaty with Panama. But most of them were consistently opposed by the Democratic party and adopted in spite of that opposition. It is also true that many of these actions cannot now be reversed. Cuba cannot be restored to Spain, nor Hawaii to the Liliuokalani government, nor the Philippines handed over to Aguinaldo, nor Panama given back to Colombia. But other acts could be reversed. Power could again be given by Congress to the Executive to pay the National obligations in silver; the protective tariff could be repealed and a tariff for revenue only substituted; Porto Rico could be sold to Cuba and incorporated with that Republic; Hawaii could be made independent and left to native self-government; a Legislative Assembly could be immediately summoned in the Philippines, our government withdrawn, and the islands left to the control of this native legislature; all appropriations for the increase of our navy could be stopped, and all appropriations to keep up its expensive gun practice could be reduced; the Federal anti-trust law could be repealed or left unenforced. That all these things would be done by a Democratic administration is not probable; some of them are promised, though the promises might not be fulfilled, for pre-election promises sometimes fail of fulfillment; but a Democratic vote is a command to halt if not to right about face, and a Republican vote is a command to go forward upon the principles and along the lines indicated by the National development of the last eight years.

The first question for the voter to consider, then, as he looks back over this nearly eight years of Republican administration, is whether he approves or condemns it. If he thinks that the demonetization of silver was dishonest and the gold standard is intrinsically unjust; if he thinks that protection is robbery and a protective tariff is a contrivance to enrich the few at the expense of the many; if he thinks the war with Spain was an unjust and an unnecessary war, that by the treaty with Spain we assumed responsibilities we never ought to have assumed; if he thinks that Aguinaldo was a Filipino George Washington, the Philippine insurrection was a second American Revolution, and that we played in the Philippines the part of George III.; if he thinks we have seized on Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and are governing them for our own enrichment at the expense of their inhabitants; if he believes that we violated both international law and international justice in giving aid and comfort to Panama in her revolt against Colombia; if he thinks that intervention in the world's affairs is as needless if not as perilous now as it was in the days of George Washington, and that we need no larger navy than such as is necessary to protect our own borders from invasion; if he thinks that anti-trust legislation is vicious, that the common law furnishes all the protection which individuals need against modern monopolies, that irrigation should be left to private enterprise, and farmers should get their letters from the nearest post-office themselves—if, in short, he looks back upon these eight years of expansion with regret, and forward to what they presage with apprehension, he should vote against the continuance in power of the Republican party. The fact that he has been a Republican in the past, when the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issues were radically different, or that he thinks that some special acts of the party, however regrettable in themselves, are defensible on grounds of public policy or were rendered unavoidable by the circumstances, is no adequate reason for his voting to approve what has been done, and to continue in power the party which has done it.

If, on the other hand, he looks back upon these nearly eight years with National pride, if he thinks that they have been years of true National greatness because of true National nobility; if he believes in the gold standard, not because there chances to be at the moment gold enough, but because it had been adopted as the standard by the common consent of the civilized nations; if he believes that government may legitimately legislate to promote American industries and desires to see the protective principle not abandoned but extended by reciprocal trade relations entered into for the purpose of still further promoting those industries; if he thinks the war for the emancipation of Cuba was both just and necessary, that the acquisition of Porto Rico and the Philippines was for the benefit of their inhabitants and therefore for our National honor, that the success of Aguinaldo's insurrection would have entailed on the islands a period of anarchy worse than Spanish despotism, that our maintenance of our sovereignty at whatever cost to ourselves was demanded by loyalty to the islands, to the civilized world, and to our own National reputation, and that our government since, despite incidental defects, has been for the benefit of the Filipinos, and upon its continuance for some time to come their welfare depends; if he is glad to have his country take its share in the protection of foreigners from mobs in China, and glad to have it take the initiative in protecting China herself from threatened dismemberment; if he wishes to see America a world-power and desires to see her possess an equipment which will make her respected by other world-powers; if he thinks that the President's prompt action in Panama prevented needless bloodshed, was in accordance with the essential principles both of international justice and international law, and has added new honor to our National reputation; if he believes that the days of uncontrolled individualism in industry are past, and that great corporations should be prevented by law from becoming the masters and compelled by law to be the servants of the people—if, in a word, he believes in a strong government, with extended functions and enlarged powers both at home and abroad, and in liberal appropriations commensurate with our increased wealth and our enlarged duties, then he should vote to approve the Republican policies of the past and continue in power the Republican party for the future. The fact that he has been a Democrat in the past, when the issues were different, or that he thinks that some special acts have been unwise or even unjust, or that he disapproves some appointments or some specific appropriations, or looks with suspicion or aversion on some individual leaders in the party, furnishes no adequate reason for voting to condemn what his conscience approves and to discontinue a course which he believes, in its essential features, is founded upon justice and humanity, and has added to the National honor and to the public welfare.

❀

The British Case Against Tibet

The July number of "The Quarterly Review" contains a discussion of Lord Curzon's administration of affairs in India which throws light on the point of view of the British Government in sending the armed mission into Tibet which has resulted in the capture of Lhasa and the acceptance of the terms presented by the British Government. From the start the British have disclaimed any intention to annex Tibet, and have insisted that their sole object was to secure direct communication with the Government of that country, to establish, if necessary, an English resident in Lhasa, and to compel the Tibetans to live up to certain agreements already made with them. The treaty signed last week covers these exact points, and formally recognizes suzerainty of China over Tibet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The treaty of 1890, it is required, must be observed, trade relations between India and Tibet be established, and Tibet must not depart from her traditional policy in regard to political relations with other countries. Colonel Younghusband signed the treaty for Great Britain, and the Tashi Lama for Tibet, as the Dalai Lama (or Grand Lama) has fled into Mongolia, and has thus practically abdicated.

The writer in "The Quarterly Review" points out Lord Curzon's fitness for the task of governing India, his study of Persia, his travels in Central Asia, his visit at Cabul, his acquaintance with the frontier tribes, and calls attention to the definiteness and consistency of his policy since he undertook the administration of the vast Oriental Empire of the British Crown. The most interesting feature of this discussion for American readers is the information it supplies explanatory of recent history in Tibet.

Lord Curzon's policy has been "animated throughout with the spirit of zealous endeavor to maintain and establish our predominance in the whole area extending from Arabia to Siam," which Lord Curzon himself has described as "the glacis of the Indian fortress," and the mainspring of this policy, according to the writer in "The Quarterly Review," has been a rooted distrust of Russian objects and Russian methods. The influence of foreign powers, from this point of view, must be excluded from southern and eastern Persia and from the Persian Gulf. What is known as the Anglo-Chinese Convention relating to Sikkim and Tibet was signed at Calcutta in March, 1890. That Convention contained certain agreements made by the Chinese on behalf or in the name of Tibet. These agreements, according to the British claim, were violated by the Tibetans, who occupied a tract of grazing land in Sikkim on the Indian side of the boundary line and destroyed certain boundary pillars.

A further agreement, made in 1893 for the purpose of securing better trade conditions with Tibet, was nullified, the British claim, by the act of the Tibetans in isolating Yatung, the mart agreed upon as a trade point and around which the Tibetans built a wall; by the action of the Tibetan Government in refusing to allow Tibetan traders to go to Yatung; by the act of the Tibetans, who agreed to admit free of duty into Tibet Indian goods, in subjecting these goods to a tax of ten per cent. at Phari, the first important town on the road into the country. Immediately on his arrival in India Lord Curzon addressed the Chinese Representative at Lhasa, offering to make a frontier concession in return for the moving of the mart from Yatung to Phari, to which an evasive reply was sent. Lord Curzon then attempted to secure direct communication with the rulers of Tibet, and persisted in the attempt for two years, with no other result than the return of his letters without answer. At this time, two years ago, it was discovered that the Grand Lama had been negotiating with Russia. For many years Russia had been steadily pushing her influence in Tibet, and four years ago two missions were sent from Lhasa to the Czar, bearing autograph letters from the Grand Lama to the Emperor and to his Foreign Minister. Reports speedily followed that these courtesies were the outward and visible sign of a very practical agreement between St. Petersburg and Lhasa, that the Tibetan troops were being drilled, and that instruments and munitions of war were being sent to Lhasa. The British authorities in India did not regard these facts as indicating any purpose on the part of the Russian Government to invade India by the northeast, but they feared that the establishment of Russian influence in Tibet would encourage the Tibetans to resist any attempt to place Indo-Tibetan relations on a better footing; that the reorganization of the Tibetan army would bring about largely increased demands in the way of taxation on sections in India and on the British forces in India, and would eventually exercise a disquieting influence on the minds of the native population.

Correspondence between Simla, London, and St. Petersburg, which ended in November of last year, elicited the declaration that Russia was chiefly concerned in Tibet with matters of religion,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and had no diplomatic or political intentions, and the Russian Ambassador was authorized to deny the existence of any convention about Tibet, and to disclaim all desire on the part of Russia to interfere with the affairs of that country. The Russian Government also expressed its hope that the British Government would take the same attitude and refrain from all interference with Tibetan affairs, declaring that Russia regarded the question as involving the integrity of China.

These assurances were accepted as satisfactory by the British Government, but it was noted that Russia did not deny her interest in matters of religion, and that in Tibet religion is politics and politics is religion. A British officer, with a small escort, was sent to the section of the frontier which the Tibetans had violated and forced them to withdraw, and an attempt was made to settle the disputed points by negotiation. After much delay, under the leadership of China, a conference was held at Khambajong, a few miles within Tibetan territory, in April of last year, Colonel Younghusband, the British commissioner, with a small escort going to that place. When they arrived, the Tibetans declined to negotiate, and requested that the mission should be withdrawn. Then followed various other negotiations, and a year later, on April 12, 1904, Colonel Younghusband, with an armed escort, was ordered to Gyangtse. The story of the campaign on "the roof of the world" since that date has been told, and the successful penetration of the country by the British force and its arrival in Lhasa recorded. The capital aim of all these negotiations and this invasion is, according to the writer in "The Quarterly Review," the determination, in order to secure peace in India, to put an end to any possible Russian endeavor to establish a protectorate over Tibet. Thus, for the moment, ends another chapter of the old order of things in the Far East under which the only things considered by the European Governments were the protection of their own interests without reference to the interests of the countries which they subjected or over which they established protectorates.

A Case in Journalistic Ethics

An alleged quotation from The Outlook has been going the rounds of the Southern press. The statement attributed to The Outlook is that "the negro is really the most intelligent citizen of the South." We do not understand how such a meaningless combination of words could gain any such circulation as this apparently has succeeded in getting. Our theory is that some waggish reporter, acting as editorial substitute, undertook to find out whether newspaper writers were as gullible as newspaper readers are usually supposed to be. The Nashville "American" informs us that it found the quotation originally in the Washington "Post," and the Washington "Post" has not yet vouchsafed a reply to our request for information as to the issue and page of The Outlook where the statement is to be found.

The Outlook has long ago foregone the luxury of being angry at misrepresentations of its views or even misquotations of its words. It has likewise found it quite needless to ask newspapers to retract unjust or inaccurate reports about The Outlook. For the acknowledgments of error which have already appeared in Southern papers—and all the acknowledgments have been spontaneous—we here express our appreciation.

The editor of one such newspaper, in courteously expressing his willingness to apologize, says that he accepted the quotation at second hand. "You must know, however," he remarks, "that if a publication of any sort dealt only with first-hand information, its field of fact and comment would be very much restricted." And he adds: "My surprise in reading this sentiment was all the greater by reason of my understanding that The Outlook has been not only fair but generous in its treatment of the South."

This letter leads us to be oracular. We undertake to suggest one principle on which editors who wish to be fair might well act. Every journal, even including weekly journals, but more espe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cially daily newspapers, must frequently base its statements on second-hand information. Ordinarily, when that information is in accord with previously known facts, it has to be trusted; but when it directly contravenes previous knowledge or strong impressions, effort should be made to obtain information at first hand. On this general principle we might base the following rule of professional ethics: Do not on second-hand information attribute to any journal the expression of opinions out of accord with the character of that journal.

In this instance, so far as The Outlook is concerned, the harm has been done. One paper has advised all our intelligent Southern subscribers to discontinue the paper. Another argues that unwittingly The Outlook has paid a compliment to the South, though the intended insult is to be resented. We remain unconcerned. The harm which we regret, and would like to have Southern newspapers help us repair, is the harm to the South. The circulation of the alleged quotation will be a harm to the South, first, because it may lead people to imagine that the South is quick to credit to the North anything foolish or malicious; and, second, because it may increase ill-feeling between the races where it already exists and create it in some places where it does not exist.

What Professor James calls "the will to believe" is worth cultivating, especially if it is the will to believe good of others. Practice in learning to have confidence in other sections we commend to those editors who have erred in this matter.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

San Francisco

THE metropolis of Northern California is San Francisco. There is a legend that the followers of St. Francis objected that their saint had been omitted in the names which the Spanish explorers gave to various geographical points, and were told that if they would discover a port or harbor it would be named for him, and that straightway they were guided to the splendid harbor which Drake, in his explorations, near as he had landed to it, had somehow missed, and that thus the name of their patron saint became attached for all time to the chief city of the State.

The first impression of the tourist in entering San Francisco, whether he comes, as we did, by train, or whether, as more tourists come, across the harbor by ferry, is one of disappointment. It might have been made the most beautiful city in America, if not in the world. It is built on a series of hills bordering a harbor which may be truly designated as superb, and looking on the one side upon the Pacific, on the other upon the harbor and the mountains beyond. If it only could have had time to grow! Then these hills would have been terraced, the roads would have wound back and forth up their steep sides, the residences would have overlooked one another, and would have been embowered in the trees which the fertile soil would so easily have produced, and San Francisco would have been the Naples of the New World—the garden city of America. But it had no time to grow. Hurriedly built by immigrants crowding to the State, burning with the painful exhilaration of the gold fever, a city at first of house-boxes and tents, it has never recovered from the misfortune of its early too great commercial prosperity. It was laid out by some architectural genius from the flat plains of the West, who knew no way to lay out a town except in straight streets at right angles to each other. This necessitated climbing acclivities too steep for steam, electric, or horse power, and rendered necessary the invention of the cable-car, and up these hills you are pulled, and down them you are lowered, sometimes at a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pace which takes away your breath, until you become accustomed to the motion. Then it grows curiously exhilarating.

The center of San Francisco is well built upon level land, largely, I suspect, made by the enterprise of its inhabitants. Its business blocks are dignified, and it has not as yet reared those enormous narrow boxes, set on end, which disfigure the streets of New York and Chicago. Outside this business center the buildings are mostly wood. It is by all odds the most wooden city I have ever been in, and its residences curiously follow one model. They are ornamented with beads and scroll work, in which the designs are repeated with so little variation that one might imagine that the great majority have been produced by the same planing and sawing mill, and designed by the same carpenter. Even many of the newer houses follow this fashion, which must have been set nearly half a century ago. I should, perhaps, hesitate to offer this criticism on the domestic architecture of San Francisco, had it not been tersely expressed to me by a loyal San Franciscan, who said that if the San Franciscans would plane the ornaments off their houses, they would be very good-looking structures. The continuance of this fashion in San Francisco is a little more curious because it is not followed in the suburbs. Across the bay from the city are Berkeley, Oakland, and Alameda, and a little way down the peninsula on which San Francisco stands are other suburbs, chief of them San Mateo. These residential districts might be compared to the Newtons at Boston, Yonkers and Montclair at New York, Germantown and Bryn Mawr at Philadelphia. The residences are modern in their structure, individualistic in their character, and, both in the landscape architecture and in the house architecture, make as attractive homes and furnish as unmistakable evidences of taste and culture as are to be found in the suburbs of any modern city. One's first impression is that a city so almost wholly constructed of wood as San Francisco would be particularly subject to devastating fires. Some such fires it has known in its history, but they have not compared in the extent of their devastation with those experienced in recent times by Boston, Chicago, and Baltimore. It is said that the houses are built of redwood, and that the redwood is a slow-burning fuel. Most of the houses are not more than two stories, or three at the utmost, in height, and these facts, together with a little space between the houses, perhaps render the city quite as fireproof as are those cities which appear to be more substantially constructed, but in which a fire, once started, is more difficult to control.

The climate of San Francisco furnishes fine opportunity for difference of opinion. In Southern California they tell me that men go to San Francisco from the south in the summer to get cool; in San Francisco they tell me that men go from San Francisco in the summer to get warm. My short experience in the city indicates that men might get both warm and cool in San Francisco on the same day, at least within the same twenty-four hours, without difficulty. The lovers of San Francisco count its climate almost the best in the world, because of its abundant sun and its cool breezes. Professor Royce, in his "History of California," gives a different impression:

> The almost treeless peninsula, at such times, was a place to which anchorites might well have resorted to meditate in windy solitude upon the woes and sins of an accursed world, amid this monotonous wilderness of low shrubbery, of drifting sand, and of steep hill-slopes. Even now, with all the cheerful noise and strife of an exceptionally active city to distract one's mind from gloomy topics, a summer afternoon out-of-doors, in San Francisco, is a bitter penance to every one but the most devoted of San Franciscans.

We did not find a spring afternoon out-of-doors in San Francisco a penance. We found the air invigorating, the sunshine pleasant, and the wind not furnished with that serrated edge with which Boston winds in March are equipped.

On the whole, the first impressions of San Francisco were of an unattractive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city, despite its splendid situation; but the city grows upon us the longer we remain in it. It is not too late now to save the environing hills from the hand of the destroyer. If some great land company would take possession of them, and lay them out with graded roads and terraced banks, the immediate suburbs of San Francisco might be made to possess an almost unparalleled beauty. Possibly even the city itself might achieve this result if it could secure a wise, broad-minded, and progressive administration, or succession of administrations, working out a definite and measurably harmonious plan, as Boston and Chicago have done with their parkways, and as to some extent New York is doing in the Bronx and in the districts lying in the north-western portion of Manhattan Island.

San Francisco impresses me both by its enterprise and its lack of enterprise. The daily newspapers in San Francisco seemed to me the least enterprising newspapers of any important American city. I naturally wished, while in San Francisco, to know what was going on in the city and in the State. Neither the "Call" nor the "Chronicle" gave me much information on this subject. The Californians seemed to me to possess a great deal of local pride and public spirit, but local pride and public spirit were conspicuously absent from the columns of these two journals. A body of citizens interested in the promotion of Californian industries made a tour of five days through the State while we were in San Francisco. A similar delegation, if it were from New York or Boston, certainly if it were from Chicago, would be accompanied by representatives of the leading newspapers, which would have every morning telegraphic letters representing the experiences of the tourists. If the "Chronicle," which was the daily paper I chiefly read, had any reference to this exploration of the State in the interests of its industries, it was so insignificant an account that it escaped my attention. A great Methodist Missionary Conference was held in San Francisco while I was in the city. It was still in session the day I left. I found a better account of it in a Chicago newspaper on my way East than I found in the San Francisco newspapers. Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Church, gave at this Conference an address on the war in the Orient, and the relations of this country to the two contending parties, and the effect of the war on our commercial and industrial interests. He was listened to attentively by an audience which packed one of the largest halls of San Francisco to its utmost capacity. One paper gave, by actual count, five lines about it, and the other not more than ten or fifteen. One of the National Civil Service Commissioners gave a lecture on civil service at Berkeley University. It furnished the papers a rare opportunity to tell the citizens of California what the Administration point of view was on this important subject; but they were not told. The mere fact that he gave the lecture was all that got into the paper. These are typical illustrations. It is hardly too much to say that I found in one issue of the Nevada "State Journal," as I came over the mountains, more and better information respecting affairs in the State of Nevada than I found in a week respecting affairs in the State of California in the San Francisco journals which came into my hands.

Per contra, the new rapid transit system between San Francisco and Berkeley is the best, the cleanest, and the most expeditious I have ever known. The only system comparable to it is that of the Illinois Central Railroad in Chicago. From them both the suburban transit systems in New York City might advantageously take lessons. The Key route, so called, is just opened. A large ferryboat carries passengers to the end of a pier, which reaches a mile or more in length across the shallow waters of the bay from the Berkeley shore. This ferryboat carries only foot passengers—no wagons, horses, or carriages. There is, therefore, no waiting to get teams off or on. The passengers assemble in a waiting-room, walk on to the ferryboat, and the moment the last passenger is on board, the ferryboat is off. At the other side an electric train is waiting when the ferryboat comes into the pier, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moment the last passenger is in the train, the train is off. It was impossible for me not to note the contrast between this expeditious system, with no hurry on the one hand and no waiting on the other, with that pursued by our elevated road in New York. One comes in from Yonkers on the Putnam Division, to see a train on the opposite side of the track, with the alternative offered to him of climbing the stairs and rushing over the bridge, with a fair chance that he will get on to the opposite platform just in time to see the gates closed and the train move off, or waiting on the hither platform five minutes, sometimes ten or even more, cooling his feet and heating his impatience, for another train to come in.

A striking illustration of the energy and enterprise of San Francisco also has been afforded recently by the history of the First Congregational Church in that city. About eight years ago Dr. George Adams was called to this church from St. Louis. He came to it in the spirit in which a soldier answers a call to a forlorn hope. The church, apparently, had been irretrievably damaged by the public scandal brought upon it by the immoral conduct of its previous pastor. The damage had been made the greater by the factional battle within the church between those who for a time loyally defended their pastor against what they believed was an unjust scandal, and those who, convinced of his guilt, demanded his resignation. His tardy confession of wrong-doing eventually proved his loyal supporters to have been mistaken in their judgment, but did not establish peace between the contending parties. The trustees, despairing of the future of the church, which had become involved in debt during the period of strife, proposed to sell it, at one blow clear off the debt and the scandal, and begin again in another part of the city, but were prevented by the resistance of a resolute minority. Many of the pew-holders had gone to other churches to get the Sunday quiet which this church in its time of stress and storm could not give to them and their households. To this church, burdened by debt, rent by faction, stained by scandal, and reduced to a handful of supporters, came Dr. Adams. To-day the church is united, most of the exiles have returned, the debt is paid off, the scandal is forgotten, and the congregation fills the church to the doors. No doubt the credit of this result is primarily due to the wisdom, the courage, the heroic endeavor of its pastor; but it is also certain that no such result could have been achieved if he had not been sustained by energetic, enterprising, courageous, heroic souls in the church and congregation. The energy and enterprise indicated by the Key route and by the story of the Congregational church are manifested in other ways. The St. Francis Hotel manifests its appreciation of the religious wants of its guests by hiring pews in two, perhaps three, of the churches of the city, and putting them at the service of its guests. I have rarely if ever visited a structure of greater interest than that of Mr. Keith, by whom we were most cordially welcomed; one of the most attractive art stores I have ever visited, possessing a great variety of art articles, is that of Mr. Vickery, of National reputation, and, not the largest, but certainly the most artistic and charming book-store I ever visited, East or West, in America or Europe, is the book-store of Paul Elder adjoining. They furnished conclusive evidence that there is a large cultivated constituency, both artistic and literary, in and about the city.

Such are the conflicting incidents and indications which leave me wondering respecting the enterprise and energy of the present citizens of San Francisco. Such are the incidents and indications which lead me to the impression that the new San Francisco—the San Francisco of the present generation—has abounding energy and enterprise, but that it is still somewhat weighed down with the unfortunate traditions of the past, with the reaction from its own gold fever, and with the fact that many of its men of wealth have either died or moved away, so that much of the wealth accumulated in San Francisco is not now mated to energetic brains employing it in public service. L. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Political Issues

A Free Parliament

Until the election we shall open our columns to a free discussion of the political issues involved in this campaign, reserving, of course, the right to reject any contribution; it will doubtless be quite impossible for us to publish all that will be sent to us. No personal abuse of either candidate will be allowed. Brevity is important, and preference will be given, other qualities being equal, to the shorter letters.—THE EDITORS.

DEMOCRACY THE PARTY OF THE FUTURE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Permit me to state the Democratic view of the two parties dealt with in your article on Political Temperaments.

We think that since 1872 the Democratic party has represented the progressive temperament. Beginning with the reform of municipal administration in New York, Governor Tilden planned and executed a scheme of administrative reform which became part of the Constitution, not only of New York, but of other States, and it is to-day a living, self-executing monument of his progressive spirit.

Next we undertook the reform of carpet-bag corruption in the South. We failed to inaugurate Tilden, but we put an end to the shameful misrule which Republican partisanship had fastened upon the Southern States.

Next we undertook the reform of the tariff. The Republican policy since Arthur's time has been to adhere to and even aggravate the policy of combining in a tariff bill heavy taxes upon all sorts of imports, in order to combine all selfish interests in its support. The Wilson Bill was not ideal. But it was a step in advance. And we have at least, despite Republican opposition, kept quinine on the free list.

When the question of the silver standard came up, it was Cleveland who, without Republican support, saved the honor of the Nation and maintained the redemption of its obligations in gold. No doubt Bryan and other enthusiasts, impatient of social wrongs, led the party organization for a time astray, but the party itself has had sense and courage enough to regain its old financial integrity.

The two cities, to my mind, illustrate the two parties. New York, the Democratic city, has its evils. But these it has persistently reformed, while Philadelphia, the Republican city, has sunk deeper and deeper in the mire of corruption—solely, as her best citizens will tell you, because of the debasing influence of tariff legislation designed to enrich the few at the expense of the many.

In short, to us Democrats, the thorough organization of the Republican party seems a source of weakness. Its old freedom has gone. It has become the servant of commercialism. The Democracy is the party of the future.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York City.

THE COUNTRY WANTS THE BRAKES

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with interest and general approval your editorial in The Outlook of July 30, "Political Temperaments." Allow me to make one or two comments. With the elements in our political and social and business life—heterogeneous, restless, discordant, selfish, to a degree never known before—we are much more likely to run into something like "the French Revolution," to which you allude, than ever, under any circumstances, no matter how conservative a party in control here may be, to imitate "the Bourbonism of mediæval Spain." The people of the United States, heterogeneous though they are, have too much Yankee blood in their veins to ever have danger threaten them from that side. The "engine" and the "safety brake" are both essential in handling the railroad train. We have been running without brakes for a good while, and, during the last year or two, under full head of steam and at record-breaking speed. A good many of us, passengers, would like to see the brakes applied awhile. No party can long hold place and power in this country without becoming arrogant and corrupt—unmindful of the rights and wishes of many thousands in the political minority. The remedy is change of administration. A very large minority, perhaps a majority, would like to see Parker the engineer for the coming four years, and a judicious application of the "safety brakes" after our long, wild ride.

M. L.

WHICH SHALL IT BE; JUDGE OR EXECUTIVE?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

There are no doubt many independent voters who, unaffiliated with parties and desiring to vote for the country's welfare in the most effective way, are wavering in their decision as to whether Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate, shall receive their support, or President Roosevelt.

My own study of political conditions has been as close as possible for a man busily engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a result there has come to me the conviction that there are no so-called "issues" in this campaign; that neither the tariff, the money question, the trust problem, anti-imperialism, or any other issue which has heretofore divided the great parties and caused intense discussion seems to be present this year.

It is true that the platform declarations of the two parties differ in many respects, but the discussion of these differences seems to be largely if not wholly academic—a welcome sign that our political campaigns are becoming less intense and less partisan; more rational and sane. But in the attitude of the two candidates, undoubtedly recognized by all as dominating forces and as interpreters of the party position on which they will act if elected, there does not seem to be any radical difference, except possibly in the form of expression.

Both candidates promise no change on the money question, both promise no radical modifications in the tariff, both stand for equal enforcement of law against the illegal acts of organized capital and labor, both stand for ultimate Filipino independence and the throwing off as soon as possible of the Eastern burden which chance and duty have thrust upon this country. Mr. Parker's attitude towards these various questions is that of the Judge. His language in expressing his views is essentially judicial. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude is that of the Executive. His forms of expression contain more of the executive force.

The only live issue which I can discover is that of "personality." It is a campaign for men, not measures. Indeed, we are constantly told that the nomination of Judge Parker has been brought about partly, if not wholly, by "Republican" business interests which desired an opportunity to support a candidate who differed in personality from President Roosevelt. We know, also, that upon the personality of the Democratic candidate depended the return to party allegiance of many Democrats who, under a continuation of the Bryan régime, would have been content to retain Mr. Roosevelt in office.

It is well that this is so, for it greatly simplifies the problem for the independent voter. It is not necessary for him to give consideration to questions of finance, tariff, trusts, and expansion, for in the event of the election of either Mr. Parker or Mr. Roosevelt, the policy pursued will be in *purpose*, though not in *method*, practically the same.

My own belief is that the administration of the country will be equally "safe and sane" with the election of either candidate. I have heard Mr. Roosevelt speak, I have watched his public career closely, and carefully read his public utterances. I find in him a man of unusual courage, a man with unusually clear perceptions of the truth, unusual moral strength to put those truths into force, regardless of friend or enemy. I have learned to regard him as an exceptionally keen student of governmental problems, not from the standpoint of the so-called "practical" politician, but of public welfare. It has seemed to me that, like Mr. Folk, of Missouri, he represents the type of man we should have in high places, where character and force and personality will count for something in the progress of mankind; the kind of public servant needed to defend the country against the spread of corrupt politics and restore the machinery of government to normal and honest purposes.

And yet I have not found Mr. Roosevelt perfect. He does things which it is hard for me to approve, but I always conclude that were I in his place and compelled to work as best I could with the tools the people placed in my hands, my acts would be the same and still be compatible with an honest and sincere purpose. With some of Mr. Roosevelt's views I do not agree, but my experience has taught me to consider that differences of opinion are not vital; that the real thing in life is confidence and trust in the motive and purpose. Mr. Roosevelt has won my confidence and trust.

Judge Parker I have never seen. With his political career I am not very familiar. I have studied his face as it has been presented to me from week to week in the various periodicals. It has impressed me as a face through which shine the elements of character and strength and courage. His famous gold message to the Chicago convention was distinctly the act of a courageous man, whatever the motives or the influences which led him to send it. His address of acceptance is an exceptionally dignified document, careful, conservative, and non-partisan in tone, distinctly an address to inspire confidence in the "safety" and "sanity" of the Democratic candidate.

Of these two splendid public men I choose to vote for President Roosevelt, not because he is the candidate of the Republican party, but because, to my mind, he is best adapted to serve the interests of the whole American people. Besides my feeling of trust and confidence in him, the arguments upon which I base this selection are briefly as follows:

Mr. Roosevelt has fought his way from the bottom to the top of his political career in face of the constant and unremitting opposition of machine politicians. In spite of this opposition he has risen by force of his honesty, his persistence, his rigidity of purpose, his untiring energy and devotion to the truth as he saw it, his sturdy conviction, his independence, his close study of American governmental problems, and his constant advocacy of administrative reforms. To say to such a man, now that he stands for election to our highest office, that he is not the type of American whom the people wish as chief executive, would, it seems to me, be a backward step in the progress which we, as a Nation, are making. I cannot say to Mr. Roosevelt when I cast my ballot: "You have not done well. You are not the type of man we wish to retain in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public office. Your motives are sordid; the example you set our young men is weak. Your administration has been a failure, and all your experience in public life has not made you a public servant fit to merit endorsement."

Nor do I wish to deceive myself by the sophistry that another good man of a different temperament would do just as well in guiding the destinies of this country. Mr. Parker is new and untried, and is asking us to displace a good man whose administration, faulty as it may be in the eyes of the most critical, should, according to my view, receive the backing of every citizen who wants to hold up the hands of the public men who are fighting for us the great fight for cleaner politics.

There is one other practical consideration which has led me to favor Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Parker is trained in the judicial branch of the government. His acts must inevitably be influenced by the conservating traditions of law which sometimes are opposed to human justice and progress. Mr. Roosevelt is trained in the executive branch of governmental work. He understands and has handled the problems of government from the executive point of view. He is the President dealing with practical questions affecting the vital interests of the whole people, not the judge weighing nice questions of law relating to individual controversies.

Mr. Roosevelt's training best qualifies him to assume the office of chief executive. If Judge Parker were candidate for Chief Justice of the United States, he would be the better man. This ground of preference for Mr. Roosevelt is so clear as to need no elaboration.

I support Mr. Roosevelt because his training and his point of view better fit him for executive work. His character and conduct as a statesman are such as to command my trust and confidence, notwithstanding differences of opinion, and lead me to regard his continuance in office, because of the type he represents, more important to the country's political welfare than any other issue which can possibly be raised in the present campaign. HENRY H. PUTNAM.

Boston, Massachusetts.

We have received several letters containing what purport to be quotations from Mr. Roosevelt's writings, and asking if they are correct. We cannot undertake to verify either quotations purporting to come from the utterances of the candidates, or stories told about them. From now until the end of the election all sorts of frauds, fakes, and forgeries will be palmed off on the American people. Beware of them. Both candidates are men of unquestionable integrity. That being recognized, isolated utterances and isolated acts are of small consequence in such an issue. The wise citizen will determine his vote, not by stories and rumors about either candidate, nor by single sentences attributed to either of them, but by a comparison of the general tendency of the two parties respectively, as their tendencies are indicated by their past acts, and by the present purposes avowed by their most representative men.—THE EDITORS.

It is not our custom to reply to articles in other newspapers, unless we think them of sufficient importance to reprint in whole or in part in our own pages; but lest readers of the "Springfield Republican" should think our silence gives acquiescence to its bitter and unjust attack upon David Gray's recent article in The Outlook, entitled "The Recantation of an Anti-Imperialist," it is proper to respond briefly. Mr. Gray did not say that there are not more than 25,000 who speak Spanish in the archipelago. He reported Señor Buencamino, Aguinaldo's former Secretary of State, as so saying. The number of Spanish-speaking Filipinos is not accurately known. Governor Taft, in his Montpelier speech, puts it at about seven per cent., and this is the latest and probably best estimate. The "Matabeles" was evidently a slip of the pen, which does not affect the general fact that several of the tribes in the Philippines are bitterly hostile to one another. The Filipino languages may belong to one common stock, but the Filipino tribes are no more able to understand one another than could the peasants of France, Italy, and Spain understand one another. There is no common language in which a common discussion can be carried on. Finally, we think it is beyond all reasonable question that an increasing majority of the cultivated and well-to-do Filipinos desire not independence but closer commercial and political relations with the United States. By such Filipinos any prophecy of independence would be regarded rather in the nature of a threat than of a promise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Visit to "A Certain Place"

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent for The Outlook in the Far East

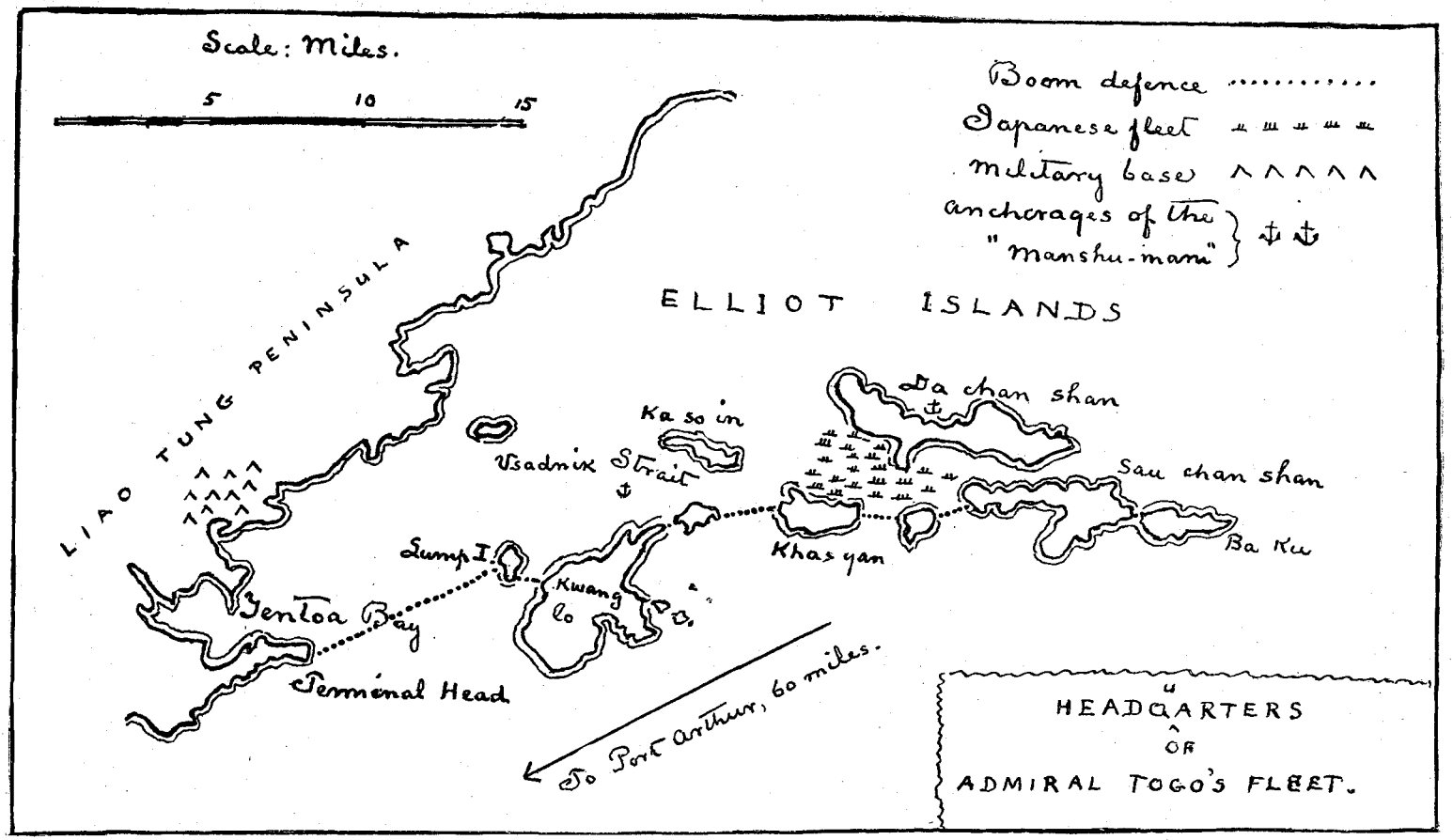
I HAVE referred in a previous article to the frequent recurrence of the expression "as prearranged" in the official reports made by the Japanese admirals and generals at the front to the Imperial Headquarters in Tokyo. There is another verbal form, however, which is used by them almost as often, and that is, "a certain place." Whenever Admiral Togo, General Kuroki, or General Oku wishes to report upon a particular movement or event, but desires, for strategical reasons, to conceal the locality where the action originated or ended, he describes the field of such movement or happening as "a certain place." Thus, when the Russian fleet comes out of Port Arthur, the Japanese battle-ships and cruisers go from "a certain place" to meet them. When a fleet of transports sails for the coast of Korea or the Liaotung peninsula, it is at "a certain place" that it makes a landing. In the language of the official reports, "a certain place" is always the locality where the most interesting and important strategical operations are being conducted. So familiar have these words become to the passengers on the Manshu-maru that when a question is asked as to our next movement or to our ultimate destination, somebody is sure to reply, "Oh, we are going to 'a certain place.'"

I have tried in two previous articles to give the readers of The Outlook some idea of Japanese "prearrangements," or preparations for war, as we saw them at Kure and Yetajima. It is my purpose now to describe a visit that I have just made to one of the most important of the "certain places" referred to in the Japanese official reports. In order to do this, however, I shall have to break the continuity of my narrative, so far as the cruise of the Manshu-maru is concerned, and jump suddenly from Japan to the Liaotung peninsula. When we left the Inland Sea, after our visit to the Russian prisoners at Matsuyama, we proceeded by way of Sasebo to the coast of Korea and cruised up that coast to the mouth of the Yalu River. In the course of this voyage we made brief stops at Chemulpo, Seoul, Chinampo, and Pingyang; were received in audience by the Korean Emperor; disappeared for five days in a fog; and finally had what we believed to be a narrow escape from Russian destroyers; but these experiences and adventures are not of immediate or pressing importance, and I shall therefore skip them for the present in order to describe a visit to "a certain place" nearer the scene of actual hostilities.

On the morning of Thursday, July 14, while we were lying at anchor off the mouth of the Yalu watching the orange-sailed junks that drifted past before a light easterly breeze, enjoying the play of sunshine and shadow on the bare green Korean mountains, and speculating as to the direction in which we should move next, a small black tug came off to us from the shore, bringing a telegram for Lieutenant-Commander Yamaguchi, who was then acting as captain of the ship. The telegram was sent promptly up to the bridge, and twenty minutes later the following notice to passengers was posted on the bulletin-board: "By direction of the Imperial Headquarters, the Manshu-maru will leave this anchorage immediately for Yentoa Bay." Where Yentoa Bay was most of us did not know—I myself had never seen or heard the name before—and we all rushed to our staterooms after maps and charts. When we discovered that Yentoa Bay was an indentation in the eastern coast of the Liaotung peninsula, thirty-five miles north of Dalny and only fifty-five miles from Port Arthur, we were filled with excitement and joy. "Now," said Lieutenant-Commander Marsh to me,

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A CERTAIN PLACE"—THE ELLIOT ISLANDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"we shall probably see that 'certain place.' I had almost given it up." Although there were a good many "certain places" in the wide field of military and naval operations, I knew that he referred to the advanced base of Admiral Togo's fleet—the place where it obtained its supplies of coal, ammunition, and food while maintaining the blockade of Port Arthur. For an American naval attaché this base had more significance than it had for me, but I felt sure, nevertheless, that I should find interest in any place important enough to be concealed behind the verbal screen of "certain."

We got under way as soon as the steam windlass could gather in the chain of the big anchor, and running across the smooth water of Korea Bay, with the dim, blue mountains of Manchuria on our right, we made the grass-covered island of Yangtau—the first outpost of the Elliot group—about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The Elliot Islands, although hardly known to the world even by name, have played a very important part in the present war. They have never figured in the leading editorials of newspaper strategists, nor have they once been mentioned in the official reports from the front; but in the campaign against Port Arthur they were, for a time, the center of interest for all who knew what the Japanese army and navy were really doing. From a topographical point of view, the Elliot group consists of a dozen or more treeless, grass-covered islands, varying in size from a diameter of a few hundred feet to a length of ten miles with a width of about two. The center of the little archipelago is twenty miles east of the Liaotung peninsula, and sixty miles east-north-east of Port Arthur. Although these islands have long been known to the Chinese, and still bear Chinese names, they were never accurately surveyed until they attracted the attention of the Russians in 1899. A complete chart of them was then made and published, and was afterward copied by the hydrographers of the other civilized Powers. The Russian naval officers who made this chart probably did not anticipate that it would be used against them by Japan, nor that the islands themselves would ultimately serve the latter as an important military and naval base; but such have been the far-reaching results of their cartographic work.

A reference to the rough sketch map that accompanies this article will show that the largest island of the Elliot group is the one known to the Chinese as Dachanshan. When we came abreast of this island, about five o'clock in the afternoon, our attention was attracted by heavy clouds of coal smoke which were hanging over it, or over the water beyond it, and which looked as if they had come from the chimneys of a great manufacturing establishment. My first impression was that three or four large transports must be passing on the other side; but when we rounded the western end of the island, and could see behind it, I was astounded to discover that near the center of this little archipelago, sixty miles distant from Port Arthur, lay Admiral Togo's fleet, including five battle-ships, eight or ten armored or protected cruisers, a hospital ship, a number of torpedo-boat destroyers, and more than twenty colliers and transports. From a single point of view I counted thirty-six large vessels, all lying closely together in a sort of sheltered basin or roadstead, formed by the coasts of four different islands. My first feeling, as I gazed at this imposing array of battle-ships and cruisers, was one of utter amazement. I had pictured Admiral Togo's fleet to myself as lying in a semi-circle off the entrance to Port Arthur, just as I had seen Admiral Sampson's fleet lying off the entrance to the harbor of Santiago, watching the narrow opening day and night in order to prevent the enemy's escape. Instead of that, here all his battle-ships and cruisers were lying peacefully at anchor with banked fires in the middle of a small archipelago of barren islands sixty miles away from the harbor that I supposed them to be watching. I am sure I should not have been more surprised if, when I went to the Cuban coast in 1898, I had found Admiral Sampson blocking Santiago by lying at anchor, with all his battle-ships and cruisers, in the quiet and sheltered harbor of Guantanamo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

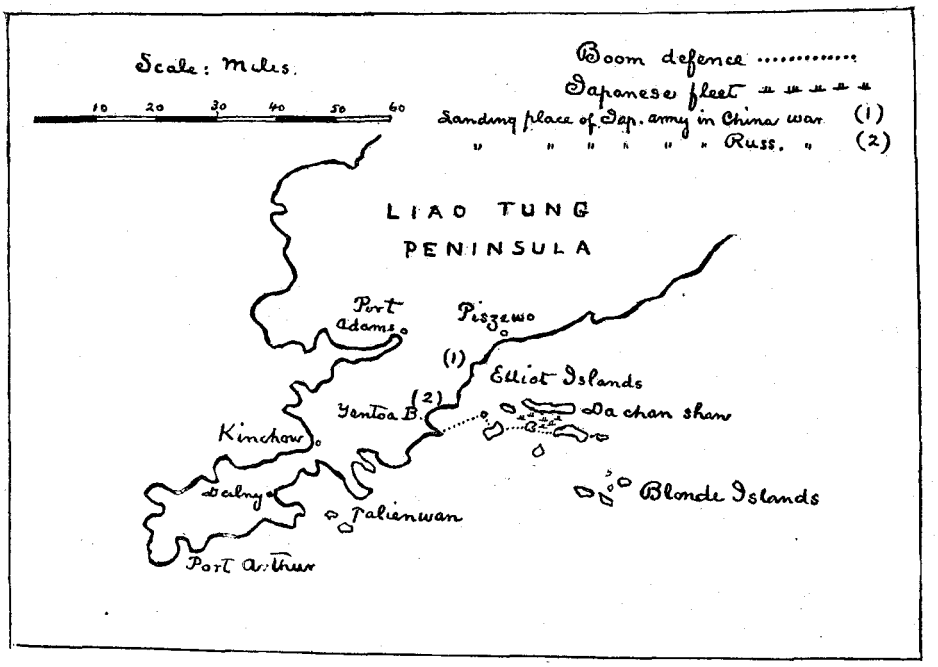
How was it possible to watch Port Arthur from the Elliot Islands, or overtake the escaping Russian fleet after giving it free egress and a clear start of sixty miles?

Three or four years ago it would have been impossible for the admiral of a fleet to maintain an effective blockade, and, at the same time, keep his larger vessels in a safe and comfortable place of shelter, sixty miles away from the enemy's route of escape; but wireless telegraphy and the use of submarine mines have changed many of the conditions of modern naval warfare; and although Admiral Togo's battle-ships and cruisers remain, most of the time, at a distance of sixty miles from Port Arthur, the Russian squadron there has little more chance of escaping without a fight than it would have if the Japanese fleet were actually cruising off the entrance to the harbor. For this there are several reasons. In the first place, the Russian ships must come out very slowly and cautiously, one at a time, on account of the narrowness of the partly obstructed channel. In the second place, they must send three or four comparatively valueless merchant steamers ahead with suitable apparatus, to sweep the sea for mechanical mines. Such mines are laid by the Japanese, in front of the harbor, almost every dark and foggy night; and although the Russians discover and explode some of them, they cannot be sure that they have found them all—or even half of them—and they are therefore compelled to proceed, even after they get five or six miles out, with great circumspection and caution. When they made their latest attempt to escape, they were six hours in getting out of the harbor and gaining an offing of four miles. Long before the expiration of that time, Admiral Togo, who had been apprised of their movements by wireless telegraphy, was off the entrance, with his whole force of battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo-boats, fully prepared to give battle. The Russians, on that occasion, did not dare to risk a general engagement, and after remaining outside, under the protection of the shore batteries, for a day and a night, sustaining, meanwhile, a good deal of injury from torpedo-boat attacks, they finally withdrew to the shelter of the inner harbor.

At the present time, Port Arthur is watched only by a flotilla of swift torpedo-boats and destroyers, equipped with wireless telegraph instruments and constantly in communication with the larger vessels of the Japanese fleet at the distant naval base. If the Russians make an attempt to escape, Admiral Togo is immediately notified, and in three or four hours—long before the enemy can get out of the harbor and through the mine-fields—the Japanese battle-ships and cruisers are close at hand, ready for action. The advantages of this method of maintaining a blockade are so obvious as hardly to need comment. The larger and more important vessels of the Japanese fleet remain all the time in a place where they enjoy perfect shelter from storms; where they cannot be blown up by mines; where they are not liable to torpedo-boat attack; and where they can take on board fresh supplies of coal, ammunition, and food with the greatest possible convenience and facility. At the same time, they are within striking distance of the enemy, and are kept constantly informed as to his movements. The Japanese have a system of wireless telegraphy, of their own invention, which seems to work with absolute certainty under all conditions, and which is not deranged by the operation of the Russian system in the same field. What its limits of transmission are, I do not know; but on our own ship, the Manchu-maru, I have watched the apparatus at work, and have heard it making perfectly clear Morse dots and dashes, with a hissing sound, like that of escaping steam, when we were far at sea, a hundred miles or more from any transmitting station. By means of sharp eyes on board the torpedo boats and destroyers that cruise off Port Arthur, and an aerial optic nerve sixty miles long which instantly conveys visual impressions to the directing brain in the Elliot archipelago, the Russian fleet is watched as closely and effectively from that distant base as it could be from the actual front.

By skillfully utilizing the latest discoveries of science, and by using old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ELLIOT ISLANDS AND THE SEAT OF WAR

inventions in a new way, the Japanese have introduced a number of new features into the art of war; but none of their innovations seem to me more striking or noteworthy than this long-range blockade from a remote and sheltered naval base.

As we steamed past the end of Dachanshan Island, fifty marine glasses were turned in the direction of the big fleet of war-ships and transports whose appearance in that particular locality had so taken us by surprise; but the distance at which the vessels lay was so great that we could not identify with certainty any of the battle-ships or cruisers except the Mikasa and the Asahi. It was evident, however, at a glance, that in this protected roadstead between the islands of Dachanshan and Khasyan, lay the whole, or nearly the whole, of Admiral Togo's fleet. Rounding the end of Dachanshan Island, and changing our course to the W. S. W., we ran in toward the mainland until we were within two or three miles of the entrance to Yentoa Bay. From this point of view we could see, fringing the beach just north of the bay, a number of long skeleton piers and an immense flotilla of sailing vessels, sampans, and junks; while back of them, on higher ground, lay great quantities of stores and munitions of war, protected by big tents, or tent-like buildings of wood covered with roofs of corrugated zinc. Black-hulled transports were constantly coming, going, or changing anchorage; steam launches were dashing to and fro with waves of snowy foam at their bows; dark-gray torpedo-boats stole quietly and noiselessly up the coast from the direction of Port Arthur, and then turned away toward the fleet; long strings of signal flags fluttered from the spars of the guardships and the rigging of incoming transports; and in every direction were indications of military and naval activity, and suggestions of war on a great scale.

Soon after six o'clock a small black steamer came off to us from the coast, hoisted a string of signal flags, which I presume meant "Follow me," and steamed past us in the direction of the fleet. We turned in a great circle and ran back, at half speed, to a point about midway between Kwanglo Island and the Island of Kasoin. There, at the entrance to Vsadnik Strait, we finally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anchored for the night, just as the yellow glow of the long Manchurian twilight was beginning to fade over the bare, grassy hills of the Liaotung peninsula. Near our anchorage lay the slate-gray gunboats Saiyen and Tsukushi, which were acting as guardships, to watch the approaches to Vsadnik Strait, and between them and the coast was a signal vessel, with a sort of Æolian harp of telegraph wires stretched from the head of her long mizzenmast to the Marconi instruments below. As the twilight faded and it began to grow dark, I looked for a play of searchlights from the gunboats that had been stationed there to guard the channel and protect the fleet from a possible attack by Russian torpedo boats from Port Arthur; but I looked and waited in vain. Japanese war ships do not use searchlights unless there is an alarm; and at ten o'clock that night the Elliot archipelago and the coast of the mainland adjacent thereto were as black as if the art of making fire had never been discovered. There were nine large vessels in our immediate vicinity, and forty more within a radius of a few miles; but not a sound nor a glimmer of light indicated their whereabouts.

Until a late hour that night I stayed out on the dark and deserted deck of the Manshu-maru, watching, listening, and waiting. Nothing whatever could be seen or heard, and nothing of importance was likely to happen; but there was a sort of fascination in the contrast between the apparent solitude and isolation and the real presence of a multitude of human beings—between the peaceful stillness of the environment and the tremendous possibilities of uproar, tumult, and destruction that were latent therein. The stretch of dark, unruffled water in which we were anchored seemed as lonely and unfrequented as an Adirondack lake in the hush of a summer midnight; and yet, hundreds of keen eyes were watching every square yard of it; pulsating electric waves of intelligence were passing through the air above it from the flotilla of Japanese destroyers off Port Arthur; and in the all-pervading stillness and impenetrable gloom lay twenty war-ships, thirty transports, and more than twelve thousand men, waiting for the light of another dawn.

During the greater part of the day that followed our arrival at the naval base, we lay at anchor off the entrance to Vsadnik Strait, where the fleet was in plain sight, where we were in the very center of military and naval operations, and where we could see everything that was going on; but early in the afternoon, while we were yet congratulating ourselves upon the opportunities that we had for observation, the Manshu-maru suddenly got under way, ran around to the northern side of Dachanshan Island, and anchored in a little cove from which we could see absolutely nothing except a strip of yellow beach, a range of grassy, treeless hills, and the great expanse of blue water that stretched away northward to the dim, hazy mountains of the Manchurian mainland. In this new position we lay for thirty-six hours, with nothing whatever to do except bargain for fish, eggs, and fresh vegetables with the Chinese boatmen who came off to us in sampans from a neighboring village; watch the smoke rising over the Dachanshan hills from the funnels of the war-ships on the other side; and wonder why we should have been thus "bottled up" in a place where our opportunities for observation were as limited as they would have been in a lonely bay on the coast of Korea. At 3 P.M. on Saturday the following notice was posted on the bulletin-board: "Having received a certain instruction from the official headquarters, it has been decided to navigate this ship for home, leaving this anchorage probably to-morrow." The unexpected announcement that we were to start, almost immediately, for home deepened the feeling of disappointment that we all felt when we changed our anchorage from Vsadnik Strait to the northern side of Dachanshan Island. We had been permitted to get a glimpse of the naval base and the fleet, but we were not to be allowed, apparently, to see anything more. When we went to bed that night, we all felt rather disheartened; but at six o'clock the next morning, when I was roused by the rumble of the chain-cable as the anchor came aboard, and went on deck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bid good-by to the naval base, I found, to my great surprise, that instead of starting for home, we were shaping a course in the direction of Port Arthur. Rounding a second time the western end of Dachanshan, we ran down past the guard-ships and the fleet, and steamed swiftly through the wide passage that separates Kwanglo Island from Terminal Head.

Two months and a half ago this stretch of water between the Elliot archipelago and the mainland was the scene of one of the most remarkable achievements of the present war. As it has never been described, and is still wholly unknown to the public even in Japan, I shall try briefly to give an account of it; partly because it is interesting in itself and partly because it furnishes an excellent illustration of Japanese forethought and "prearrangement."

When the war with Russia began, the Japanese plan of campaign had been fully thought out and predetermined. It provided, first, for the landing of one army in Korea to seize that country and invade Manchuria by way of the lower Yalu; and, second, for the disembarkation of another army at some point on the coast of the Liaotung peninsula to cut the Chinese Eastern Railway and invest Port Arthur. The point selected for the landing of the Second Army was Yentoa Bay, five or ten miles south of the point where the Japanese Second Army landed in the war with China. As the attempt to close Port Arthur by sinking stone-laden vessels at the mouth of the harbor had not been fully successful, and as Talienwan was still in possession of the enemy, there was great danger that Russian torpedo-boats, from one place or the other, would attack the Japanese transports off Yentoa Bay at night, and thus perhaps bring about a terrible disaster. Such boats could reach Yentoa Bay from Port Arthur in about two hours, and from Dalny in a little more than an hour; and on a dark or foggy night they might evade all the Japanese patrol-boats, get in among the transports and sink half a dozen of them in twenty minutes. In order to guard against this danger the Japanese determined to construct a colossal boom-defense which should extend from Terminal Head to Lump Island; from Lump Island to Kwanglo; from Kwanglo to Khasyan; and from Khasyan to the outer island of Sanchanshan, thus forming a boom-and-island screen thirty miles in length, behind which the transports might lie in safety while disembarking their troops.

Some time in April all the materials for this extensive screen were sent to the Elliot Islands from Japan, and in the course of two or three weeks the officers and crews of Admiral Togo's fleet constructed a boom-defense ten miles long, from the outer island of the Elliot group to Terminal Head on the mainland of the Liaotung peninsula. This boom consisted of a double line of massive timbers, two feet or more in diameter, fastened together with heavy chains, anchored at short intervals, reinforced with a four-and-a-half-inch steel hawser throughout its entire length, and finally hung here and there with wire topedo screens and deep-sea fishing-nets to entangle the screw of any steam vessel that might succeed in breaking through the obstruction. The magnitude of the work can be fully appreciated only in the light of the fact that it involved the bringing from Japan of five or six thousand sticks of heavy timber, ten miles of steel hawser, hundreds of heavy anchors, thousands of fathoms of chain, and great quantities of spikes, staples, nets, tools, and other miscellaneous material.

As the first six-mile stretch of this extensive boom—the part between Terminal Head and Lump Island—was virtually in the open sea, the work of constructing it and fixing it in place was one of immense difficulty. There was a swift tidal race around the end of Terminal Head; storms and heavy seas frequently swept away the parts of the boom that had already been put in position; and there were obstacles and discouragements innumerable; but the Japanese persevered, as they always do, and before the 1st of May they had the ten miles of boom completed and securely anchored, and were ready for the transports with the Second Army. What the Russians were doing all this time—why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they did not interfere with the work, and why they failed to send a force from Port Arthur to oppose the landing—I cannot even conjecture. As Captain Takarabe, of the Manshu-maru, said, with a smile, when he described this boom to me, "They were not very enterprising."

At the time when the boom-defense was completed, the Second Army was already at sea, on board of transports, and was awaiting, at "a certain place," the result of the Japanese attempt to force the passage of the Yalu. If that attempt had failed, the Second Army would instantly have been thrown into northern Korea to reinforce the First; but as it succeeded, the Second Army was not needed there, and it consequently proceeded to Yentoa Bay, where it landed on the Liaotung peninsula in perfect safety and without opposition. The boom-defense connecting the islands of the Elliot group with one another and the whole archipelago with the mainland was kept in position for about a month. At the end of that time it was no longer needed, and the part that connected Terminal Head with Lump Island was taken to pieces and removed. The short link between Lump Island and Kwanglo, however, was still in position when we passed there on the 17th of July.

It seems hardly necessary to comment upon the intelligence and forethought shown by the Japanese in the construction of this boom, and in the early movements of the campaign generally. The selection of the Elliot Islands as a military and naval base; the holding of the Second Army on transports in Korea Bay until after the battle of Kuliencheng, so that, if necessary, it might go instantly to the assistance of the First Army on the Yalu; the choice of Yentoa Bay as the landing-place for the Second Army on the Liaotung peninsula, and the protection of that landing-place by ten miles of boom-defense, all show not only strategical ability of the highest order but wonderful system and thoroughness in the management of details. Nothing whatever was left to chance, and every possible precaution was taken against accident or unexpected reverse. If the First Army had failed to take the Russian intrenchments on the Yalu, its strength would have been doubled in forty-eight hours by the throwing of the Second Army in that direction. The Japanese fleet at the Elliot Island base was in such a position that it could prevent the escape of the Port Arthur fleet, and, at the same time, protect the landing of the Second Army in Yentoa Bay. If the Russian torpedo-boats had tried to make a night attack on the Second Army's transports, they would have found themselves stopped by an impregnable boom-defense. Every detail of the landings on the coast of Korea and on the Liaotung peninsula had not only been carefully prearranged but repeatedly rehearsed in preliminary practice. Every soldier knew his place and his duty in disembarkation, and even the horses had been trained to get into and out of the big landing-sampans without fear, excitement, or hesitation. In the face of such prevision and such management as this, the Russian preparations for defense were as weak and ineffective as my chess-play would be in a game with Tchigorin or Morphy. The Russians, furthermore, made the capital mistake of underestimating the strength and ability of their enemy. They seemed to think that they were fighting with semi-barbarous Asiatics, like the Khivans or Turkomans of Central Asia; when, in reality, they were "up against" one of the first military powers of the civilized world. This mistake the Japanese never made. They were perfectly aware of the enemy's weakness—no one knew it better—but they never presumed or counted upon it. They expected to force successfully the passage of the Yalu, but they held the Second Army in reserve on transports, so that it might reinforce the First Army in northern Korea if necessary. They did not anticipate serious opposition to the landing of the Second Army in Yentoa Bay; but they misled the enemy by making feigned descents at other points, and, at the same time, constructed ten miles of boom-defense to guard against the possibility of a torpedo-boat attack at the real place of disembarkation.

When a Russian peasant undertakes a piece of work or engages in an enter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prise for which he has not made adequate preparation, he comforts and reassures himself with the words "avos" (perhaps), "kaknibood" (somehow or other), or "Bogh dast" (God will give); but in the Japanese vocabulary there seem to be no such expressions. Success, with them, is not a matter of "perhaps," or "somehow or other," nor does it depend upon the grace of a merciful God. It is carefully "prearranged" by intelligent forethought, perfect system, and an attention to details that I have never seen surpassed.

If I dwelt constantly in these letters upon Japanese prevision and Japanese "prearrangement," it is only because these are the things that have most deeply impressed me. I have now been cruising on a Japanese vessel for more than a month in the Inland Sea, along the coast of Korea, and in the Elliot Archipelago. I have observed Japanese methods at sea and on land; in schools, barracks, hospitals, war-ships, and naval stations. If there has been anywhere, or at any time, a single fact or occurrence to indicate carelessness, thoughtlessness, neglect, or lack of prevision, it has completely escaped my attention.

In the art of making war, America has much to learn from Japan; and when I remember the Santiago campaign, with its utter lack of prevision, its disorder, its blunders, and its helter-skelter recklessness, I sincerely hope that our general staff will study carefully the methods of the Japanese. If we are ever so unfortunate as to come into conflict with a power like Japan, and if we show no more ability, prevision, and resourcefulness than we displayed in Cuba six years ago, we shall inevitably meet with a series of humiliating defeats and disasters, due not to lack of fighting capacity, but to lack of forethought, lack of system, neglect of preliminary practice and rehearsal, and carelessness with regard to the details upon which success in war so largely depends.

Japanese Naval Base, Off Port Arthur,
July 17, 1904.

Negro Enterprise: An Institutional Church

By Isabel Dangaix Allen

OF the men who may be chosen from middle Alabama to typify the three classes of leadership most valuable to the negro in his present stage of growth, Washington, the apostle of earning, has a universal reputation; Pettiford,[1] the apostle of saving, though less widely known, is as highly respected in his own locality; while T. W. Walker, whom I have called the apostle of spending, might even, according to certain standards of criticism, be denied a place in the class with either. But, despite his more meager opportunities, this man has acquired such marked ability along the lines least familiar to the blacks, that as an organizer he has been able to create for himself a position unique among them.

For ancestors he can claim only the benighted African bondsman; for birthright, the unmistakable physical marks of the pure-blooded of his race; for heritage, the badge of slavery. Among his early memories is the auctioneer's block, upon which, a little pickaninny with trousers rolled up to display his strength of limb, he welcomed the occasion as a frolic. The first home he called his own was the free forest, where, after the Emancipation, he wandered for days with his mother and younger sisters and brothers. The name he bears was self-selected, his childish fancy rejecting that of his parents, who were called Harris after their master. His only education, three chance days in a country school. His religious training, however, began early under his father, who was an exhorter among the plantation slaves.

When about seventeen he moved from the backwoods of Elmore County to the ex-Confederate capital. There he found himself in the neighborhood of the Elam Baptist Church, where an old "brother,"

[1] See the article entitled "The Savings Bank Militant" in The Outlook for May 14 last.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holding before him the only book in his possession, a Blue Back Speller, took his memory text every Sunday from the third chapter of St. John: "Excep' you be bo'n ob water an' ob de spirit, my bredren, you can't eber enter into de kingdom ob de Lord." It was the example of such men as the pastor and faithful deacons of Elam Church that inspired Walker's soul with ambition. "If God could have such as these coming right from under a dark cloud," he credits himself with saying at that time, "I would make myself a man." His first church work was done here in the capacity of Sunday-school superintendent.

In 1881 he came to Birmingham, and, gathering together a small group, organized prayer-meetings in a little shanty in a closely populated negro neighborhood. The next year he was licensed to preach, and in 1884 was ordained. In the meantime the shanty was replaced by a better building. But, as is usual in negro organizations, harmony did not long prevail, and the pastor, failing to adjust the differences, was forced to leave. Likewise, with characteristic perversity, he was permitted to remain away barely five months, during which time he himself had many misgivings as to the genuineness of his call to the ministry. These all vanished, however, when upon his return he held a revival resulting in the enrollment of forty-one converts. Constantly, then, the work prospered, and Walker felt it necessary to demonstrate his success by supplanting the old structure with a larger one. Three years later was erected the present Sixth Avenue Church, which in his published memoirs Walker describes as a "magnificent temple standing as a monument to the perseverance of your humble servant and his faithful wife."

This biography, by the way, illustrates abundantly the colored man's simplicity in always considering himself the center of the universe. Herein Walker foresees that his "efforts may be read in history when he's dead;" and speaking of a friendly preacher who once assisted him, he says: "I feel in saving me he has saved a nation." His congregation, however, did not share this opinion, and, again becoming dissatisfied, summarily dismissed him. This time he left the city, but only for a few months—a suburban town affording too narrow a field for Walker's powers. Notwithstanding the enmity of his church people, he came back to Birmingham, rallied about him a few personal friends, begged or borrowed a tent, and as a result of his first sermon under it raised $185. Again a congregation was organized and a church built—this time on the opposite side of the city. Later it was replaced by the present brick edifice, upon the façade of which is the startling inscription in bold relief: "I Rev. T. W. W." Though the city directory records it as Shiloh Baptist Church, to be understood by the casual citizen you would call it Walker's Church.

This church was organized on the basis of twenty-five-cent subscriptions, and the $35,000 which has been invested in it has all been raised, with the exception of $13,000—the present debt—within three years. In every respect it is a monument to negro industry, from the manufacture of the brick used in its construction to the direction of the work by Swann & Co., negro contractors and builders. Its seating capacity is 3,000. Its location near the best residence portion of the city makes it accessible for the servant class, who comprise the principal part of the congregation. Recruits are gathered also from the remotest corners of Birmingham, and even from its outlying districts. Beyond the walking zone "The Pastor," as his people call him, pays regular visits in a dilapidated buggy drawn by a shambling old horse, which turnout is not indicative of the owner's finances, but rather to the prejudice known to exist among good horses against the negro as a master. Parishioners within nearer range are visited on foot and with monthly regularity. Highland householders are quite familiar with the tall, clerical-clothed figure standing at the back door waiting to see one of the servants "on business of the church." These visits also enable Walker to keep a personal supervision over the white employers, and to gain pointers for advising his constituents as to overwork and underpay.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employers, on the other hand, have long since recognized the Shiloh organization in its capacity of labor union. Several years ago the principal families on the Highlands agreed to boycott members of this union. The action was made necessary by the servants' utter incapacity for work on Monday, owing to the lengthy services of Sunday night, when preaching, singing, and shouting were prolonged until one o'clock, and the worshipers wended their way homeward too exhausted from the excitement to be roused into efficiency all next day. Walker wisely recognized the justice of the boycott, and ever since has terminated his services at the earliest strategic moment after eleven.

The housekeepers who led in the movement, however, are still on the Shiloh black-list, though few of them connect the incident with their present "bad luck with servants." Recently one of the most just and amiable among them wrote Walker, asking him to send her a cook, offering as wages $25, which in Birmingham is uncommonly liberal where the service is for a small family. Unfortunately, she stipulated that the cook should be "a respectable woman, who would not receive visitors in her room after ten o'clock." To which "aspersions" Walker took great umbrage, read the letter to his congregation on Sunday night, and roused them to such indignation that any one should doubt the character of their members that the unsuspecting housekeeper was finally forced to import a cook.

It is by such simple methods that Walker raises the standard of morality among his women, who form the substantial element of the congregation. They are his largest contributors, his most regular attendants, his most humble devotees. The children he reaches through a day school conducted in the church basement. The men, as is general, are irregular contributors and have little respect for religion, affecting a cynicism which they have caught partly from the white man, but which is more probably the reflection of their careless and conscienceless attitude towards the nearer responsibilities of individual and family life. But even their adherence is gained through the pastor's care for the non-subscribing and least important parishioner. Walker makes it generally known that Shiloh can take care of its own, and when the sick fund is exhausted his private purse is generously opened.

A list of Walker's church activities would startle most pastors of large city churches. To begin with, on Sunday the services commence at 6 A.M., attended by a surprising number of ardent souls, principally women. Sunday-school is at 9:30 A.M.; preaching at 3 P.M., an hour that servants find most convenient. The evening service, at which the attendance is said to average 1,500, begins at 7:30, and is prolonged anywhere from eleven until midnight, according to the enthusiasm of the preacher and his hearers. On Monday evenings, Bible instructions for the "B. Y. T. U." On Thursday, prayer-meeting. Other evenings and afternoons in the week are taken up with the various societies, not to mention baptisms, marriages, and funerals. Walker is wise enough, however, to conduct his organization systematically. He has an associate pastor, a board of eight deacons, a choirmaster, and a clerk who is a trained office man. But for each separate department he is the authority and the head—for each he is exclusively the financier.

The same system obtains for the societies. These are the Christian Relief, the Children's Mission Band, the Afro-American Benevolent Association, and the Tenth Legion (the most original of all Walker's creations), whose members pledge themselves to give one tenth of their earnings towards paying off the church debt.

At intervals sociables are held at the church, when refreshments are served and everybody wears his best clothes. Indeed, on every occasion that they appear at the church their best clothes are donned. It is one of the pronounced characteristics of the Shiloh constituency that their apparel is not of the tawdry variety synonymous with African taste. To educate his people towards spending their earnings in the most practical ways is a substantial part of the Shiloh preacher's doctrine. He teaches them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that to present a good appearance is a commercial asset. Money spent on sensible clothes, a decent home, education for the children, church maintenance, and almsgiving, with a reasonable proportion placed in the savings bank or relief association—such economic distribution of one's earnings will raise the standard of his self-respect, and gain the confidence not only of his negro neighbors, but of the whites as well. A higher level of self-respect, he foresees, will bring about for the negro a higher standard of morals, a sincerer religion, and a greater desire for manual efficiency.

If Walker's time was devoted solely to his religious work, he would even then accomplish more in activity than the average preacher, black or white. But, possessing a remarkable executive capacity added to unusual energy, he felt the need for a broader outlet than church routine alone admitted—so his attention was turned to the field of business.

Being occupied with the building of churches, he perceived the advantage of investing in brick kilns. Having in a large congregation an established clientele, he realized the economic value of maintaining a shoe-store, a drug-store, an undertaking establishment, a livery, a cemetery, a newspaper, and a relief association with sick benefit, death benefit, and a chance for the policy-holder to have his funeral expenses paid. He is also chairman of the executive committee of the Penny Savings Bank. Opportunities for advertising are likewise not neglected, as during the summer, when comfort is furnished the congregation in the shape of large fans telling in luminous letters the advantage of patronizing these outside investments. So complete is his organization that it has been said with pointed sarcasm by those who fail to appreciate its social value that the pastor "catches 'em a-gwine an' a-comin' "—supplying their spiritual and material needs not only while they live but also at their death. His parishioners, however, are affected little by criticism of their pastor's motives, and, conscious of the efficiency of his service not only to them but to others of their race, offer in return a most devoted loyalty. In the first place, they are the chief beneficiaries of these establishments, where only negro managers, bookkeepers, clerks, and laborers are employed. The standard of excellence in both management and production rarely falls below the average, and patrons receive also the benefit of moderate prices.

The Union Central Relief Association has branch offices in several Alabama towns. Walker's cemetery provides for colored people a respectable burial-place that has long been needed, while the People's Drug-Store is one of the neatest and best-conducted among the smaller establishments of the kind in Birmingham. Incidentally, the drug-store is a popular rendezvous where the affairs of Shiloh Church are discussed, the services advertised, and the newcomer induced to "jine." Each of these enterprises that owe to Walker their existence has grown out of some need of his own people that he has been keen enough to perceive and take advantage of. Only one venture do I know in which the pastor has failed—he attempted to operate a coal-mine with negro capital and negro labor. Was this failure due to the fact that he attempted to compete with the white man in an enterprise that answered no special demand from the colored population?

Two years ago a stampede occurred in the church which resulted in the death of 118 persons. The fear and superstition that were consequences of this disaster kept the negroes away nearly five months, during which time the congregation had practically to be reorganized. But effort Walker never spares, discouragement he never feels, and to-day his congregation is more strongly under his influence than ever before. You would realize why this is so if you attended one of Walker's services. The ritual has been evolved from an African fetich-worship revived on an American slave plantation, given pathos in an Alabama forest, influenced by modern custom to the very limited extent of the pastor's opportunities; through these various stages interpreted by the soul of the black man who is still simple enough to express naturally the promptings of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his heart. When Walker reads from his Bible, we are impatient with his halting utterances. When Walker closes the book, we forget our impatience at this display of illiteracy, and, like his congregation, lose ourselves in his native eloquence.

A funeral sermon that I once heard him preach is vividly impressed upon my mind. The "deceasted" sister having been a member of one of the societies, the funeral was under its auspices, and they had turned out in large numbers. Walker, through his gold-rimmed spectacles, stumbles over the resolutions passed by the society on the death of their beloved sister. Then begins his own eulogy. In a simple, dignified way he reviews her life, emphasizing her best traits of character as shown in her relations with family, friends, and church. He tells of her work in the Society—her numerous charities. Gradually the speaker's words come more slowly, his tones more resonantly, and he pitches his voice in a higher key. The departure of the soul from its earthly home is graphically described, her dying words repeated. The mourners begin to weep—you feel yourself affected. The soul is received "in the bosom of her Father." "Fur one an' all ob us, my sistren, will come a day ob reck'nin'." Now the speaker's voice is rising and falling in melodious cadence. The mourners are swaying backward and forward: "Yes, Lord!" they answer. Occasionally some one crosses the church to sit beside an inconsolable friend or relation. One young woman walks slowly around the coffin, now leaning over it, now placing her hands tenderly upon it. "I loved you, auntie," she wails, "I loved you," her voice keeping up the time and melody of the preacher's, which unconsciously intones the old Baptist hymn, "'Way Over Jordan, Lord." The entire audience is now expressing grief in tears and moans and distressing cries. "An' befo' de Jedgment Seat you come—an' you—de Lord will hol' his lookin'-glass befo' yor face, an' you will say: 'Lord, tak' dat glass awa', do, Lord, 'kase I ain't got no good deeds to show you.' But, my sistren, de Lord he gibs you one mor' chance. Git up now at dis mos' acceptable time an' mak' yo'selves worthy fur to be reflected in de Lord's big lookin'-glass."

Up to this point Walker has accomplished no more than scores of other colored pastors gifted with a similar genius for exhortation. Many, too, are quite as skillful in taking advantage of the auspicious moment when in this highly emotional state the simple natures of their people are particularly susceptible to lessons of thrift, economy, industry, right conduct, and loyalty to their church. But, unlike most religious leaders, Walker follows his congregation out into the world of earning and spending. Through social clubs and business enterprises which touch them at every side, on week-days as on Sundays, he points the way to the larger possibilities of the individual and the race.

The Mountains[1]

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Forest," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

XXI.—On Going Out

THE last few days of your stay in the wilderness you will be consumedly anxious to get out. It does not matter how much of a savage you are, how good a time you are having, or how long you have been away from civilization. Nor does it mean especially that you are glad to leave the wilds. Merely does it come about that you drift unconcernedly on the stream of days until you approach the brink of departure; then irresistibly the current hurries you into haste. The last day of your week's vacation; the last three of

[1] Copyright, 1904, by the Outlook Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your month's or your summer's or your year's outing—these comprise the hours in which by a mighty but invisible transformation your mind forsakes its savagery, epitomizes again the courses of social evolution, regains the poise and cultivation of the world of men. Before that you have been content; yes, and would have gone on being content for as long as you please until the approach of the limit you have set for your wandering.

In effect this transformation from the state of savagery to the state of civilization is very abrupt. When you leave the towns, your clothes and mind are new. Only gradually do they take on the color of their environment; only gradually do the subtle influences of the great forest steal in on your dulled faculties to flow over them in a tide that rises imperceptibly. You glide as gently from the artificial to the natural life as do the forest shadows from night to day. But at the other end the affair is different. There you awake on the appointed morning in complete resumption of your old attitude of mind. The tide of nature has slipped away from you in the night.

Then you arise and do the most wonderful of your wilderness traveling. On those days you look back fondly, of them you boast afterwards in telling what a rapid and enduring voyager you are. The biggest day's journey I ever undertook was in just such a case. We started at four in the morning through a forest of the early springtime, where the trees were glorious overhead, but the walking ankle deep. On our backs were thirty-pound burdens. We walked steadily until three in the afternoon, by which time we had covered thirty miles and had arrived at what then represented civilization to us. Of the nine who started, two Indians finished an hour ahead; the half-breed, Billy, and I staggered in together, encouraging each other by words concerning the bottle of beer we were going to buy; and the five white men never got in at all until after nine o'clock that night. Neither thirty miles, nor thirty pounds, nor ankle-deep slush sounds formidable when considered as abstract and separate propositions.

In your first glimpse of the civilized peoples your appearance in your own eyes will undergo the same instantaneous and tremendous revulsion that has already taken place in your mental sphere. Heretofore you have considered yourself as a decently well appointed gentleman of the woods. Ten to one, in contrast to the voluntary or enforced simplicity of the professional woodsman you have looked on your little luxuries of carved leather hat-band, fancy knife-sheath, pearl-handled six-shooter, or khaki breeches as giving you slightly the air of a forest exquisite. But on that depot platform or in presence of that staring group on the steps of the Pullman, you suddenly discover yourself to be nothing less than a disgrace to your bringing up. Nothing could be more evident than the flop of your hat, the faded, dusty appearance of your blue shirt, the beautiful black polish of your khakis, the grime of your knuckles, the three days' beard of your face. If you are a fool, you worry about it. If you are a sensible man, you do not mind—and you prepare for amusing adventures.

The realization of your external unworthiness, however, brings to your heart the desire for a hot bath in a porcelain tub. You gloat over the thought; and when the dream comes to be a reality, you soak away in as voluptuous a pleasure as ever falls to the lot of man to enjoy. Then you shave, and array yourself minutely and preciously in clean clothes from head to toe, building up a new respectability, and you leave scornfully in a heap your camping garments. They have heretofore seemed clean, but now you would not touch them, no, not even to put them in the soiled-clothes basket, let your feminines rave as they may. And for at least two days you prove an almost childish delight in mere raiment.

But before you can reach this blissful stage you have still to order and enjoy your first civilized dinner. It tastes good, not because your camp dinners have palled on you, but because your transformation demands its proper aliment. Fortunate indeed you are if you step directly to a transcontinental train or into the streets of a modern town. Otherwise the transition through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small-hotel provender is apt to offer too little contrast for the fullest enjoyment. But aboard the dining-car or in the café you will gather to yourself such ill-assorted succulence as thick, juicy beef-steaks, and creamed macaroni, and sweet potatoes, and pie, and red wine, and real cigars and other things.

In their acquisition your appearance will tell against you. We were once watched anxiously by a nervous female head waiter who at last mustered up courage enough to inform me that guests were not allowed to eat without coats. We politely pointed out that we possessed no such garments. After a long consultation with the proprietor she told us it was all right for this time, but that we must not do it again. At another place I had to identify myself as a responsible person by showing a picture in a magazine bought for the purpose.

The public never will know how to take you. Most of it treats you as though you were a two-dollar-a-day laborer; some of the more astute are puzzled. One February I walked out of the North Country on snowshoes, and stepped directly into a Canadian Pacific transcontinental train. I was clad in fur cap, vivid blanket coat, corded trousers, German stockings and moccasins; and my only baggage was the pair of snowshoes. It was the season of light travel. A single Englishman touring the world as the crow flies occupied the car. He looked at me so askance that I made an opportunity of talking to him. I should like to read his "Travels" to see what he made out of the riddle. In similar circumstances, and without explanation, I had fun talking French and swapping boulevard reminiscences with a member of a Parisian theatrical troupe making a long jump through northern Wisconsin. And once, at six of the morning, letting myself into my own house with a latch-key, and sitting down to read the paper until the family awoke, I was nearly brained by the butler. He supposed me a belated burglar, and had armed himself with the poker. The most flattering experience of the kind was voiced by a small urchin who plucked at his mother's sleeve: "Look, mamma!" he exclaimed in guarded but jubilant tones, "there's a real Indian!"

Our last camp of this summer was built and broken in the full leisure of at least a three weeks' expectation. We had traveled south from the Golden Trout through the Toowah range. There we had viewed wonders which I cannot expect you to believe in—such as a spring of warm water in which you could bathe, and from which you could reach to dip up a cup of carbonated water on the right hand, or cast a fly into a trout stream on the left. At length we entered a high meadow in the shape of a Maltese cross, with pine slopes about it, and springs of water welling in little humps of green. There the long pine needles were extraordinarily thick and the pine cones exceptionally large. The former we scraped together to the depth of three feet for a bed in the lea of a fallen trunk; the latter we gathered in armfuls to pile on the camp fire. Next morning we rode down a mile or so through the grasses, exclaimed over the thousands of mountain quail buzzing from the creek bottoms, gazed leisurely up at our well-known pines and about at the grateful coolness of our accustomed green meadows and leaves; and then, as though we had crossed a threshold, we emerged into chaparral, dry, loose shale, yucca, Spanish bayonet, heated air and the bleached, burned out, furnace-like country of arid California in midsummer. The trail dropped down through sage-brush, just as it always did in the California we had known; the mountains rose with the fur-like dark olive effect of the coast ranges; the sun beat hot. We had left the enchanted land.

The trail was very steep and very long, and took us finally into the country of dry brown grasses, gray brush, waterless stony ravines, and dust. Others had traveled that trail, headed the other way, and evidently had not liked it. Empty bottles blazed the path. Somebody had sacrificed a pack of playing-cards, which he had stuck on thorns from time to time, each inscribed with a blasphemous comment on the discomforts of such travel. After an apparently interminable interval we crossed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an irrigating ditch, where the horses were glad to water, and so came to one of those green flowering lush California villages so startlingly in contrast to their surroundings.

By this it was two o'clock, and we had traveled on horseback since four. A variety of circumstances learned at the village made it imperative that both the Tenderfoot and myself should go out without the delay of a single hour. This left Wes to bring the horses home, which was tough on Wes, but he rose nobly to the occasion.

When the dust of our rustling cleared, we found we had acquired a team of wild broncos, a buckboard, an elderly gentleman with a white goatee, two bottles of beer, some crackers and some cheese. With these we hoped to reach the railroad shortly after midnight.

The elevation was five thousand feet, the road dusty and hot, the country uninteresting in sage-brush and alkali and rattlesnakes and general dryness. Constantly we drove, checking off the landmarks in the good old fashion. Our driver had immigrated from Maine the year before, and by some chance had drifted straight to the arid regions. He was vastly disgusted. At every particularly atrocious dust-hole or unlovely cactus strip he spat into space, and remarked in tones of bottomless contempt:

"*Beau*-ti-ful Cal-if-or-nia!"

This was evidently intended as a quotation.

Towards sunset we ran up into rounded hills, where we got out at every rise in order to ease the horses, and where we hurried the old gentleman beyond the limits of his Easterner's caution at every descent.

It grew dark. Dimly the road showed gray in the twilight. We did not know how far exactly we were to go, but imagined that sooner or later we would top one of the small ridges to look across one of the broad plateau plains to the lights of our station. You see, we had forgotten, in the midst of flatness, that we were still over five thousand feet up. Then the road felt its way between two hills; and the blackness of night opened below us as well as above, and from some deep and tremendous abyss breathed the winds of space.

It was as dark as a cave, for the moon was yet two hours below the horizon. Somehow the trail turned to the right along that tremendous cliff. We thought we could make out its direction, the dimness of its glimmering; but equally well, after we had looked a moment, we could imagine it one way or another, to right and left. I went ahead to investigate. The trail to left proved to be the faint reflection of a clump of "old man" at least five hundred feet down; that to right was a burned patch sheer against the rise of the cliff. We started on the middle way.

There were turns-in where a continuance straight ahead would require an airship or a coroner; again turns-out where the direct line would telescope you against the State of California. These we could make out by straining our eyes. The horses plunged and snorted; the buckboard leaped. Fire flashed from the impact of steel against rock, momentarily blinding us to what we should see. Always we descended into the velvet blackness of the abyss, the cañon walls rising steadily above us shutting out even the dim illumination of the stars. From time to time our driver, desperately scared, jerked out cheering bits of information.

"My eyes ain't what they was. For the Lord's sake keep a-lookin', boys."

"That nigh hoss is deef. There don't seem to be no use saying *whoa* to her."

"Them brakes don't hold fer sour peanuts. I been figgerin' on tackin' on a new shoe for a week."

"I never was over this road but onct, and then I was headed th' other way. I was driving of a corpse."

Then, after two hours of it, *bing! bang! smash!* our tongue collided with a sheer black wall, no blacker than the atmosphere before it. The trail here took a sharp V turn to the left. We had left the face of the precipice and henceforward would descend the bed of the cañon. Fortunately, our collision had done damage to nothing but our nerves, so we proceeded to do so.

The walls of the crevice rose thousands of feet above us. They seemed to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close together, like the sides of a tent, to leave only a narrow pale lucent strip of sky. The trail was quite invisible, and even the sense of its existence was lost when we traversed groves of trees. One of us had to run ahead of the horses, determining its general direction, locating the sharper turns. The rest depended on the instinct of the horses and pure luck.

It was pleasant in the cool of night thus to run down through the blackness, shouting aloud to guide our followers, swinging to the slope, bathed to the soul in mysteries of which we had no time to take cognizance.

By and by we saw a little spark far ahead of us like a star. The smell of fresh wood smoke and stale damp fire came to our nostrils. We gained the star and found it to be a log smoldering; and up the hill other stars red as blood. So we knew that we had crossed the zone of an almost extinct forest fire, and looked on the scattered camp-fires of an army of destruction.

The moon rose. We knew it by touches of white light on peaks infinitely far above us; not at all by the relieving of the heavy velvet blackness in which we moved. After a time, I, running ahead in my turn, became aware of the deep breathing of animals. I stopped short and called a warning. Immediately a voice answered me.

"Come on, straight ahead. They're not on the road."

When within five feet I made out the huge freight wagons in which were lying the teamsters, and very dimly the big freight mules standing tethered to the wheels.

"It's a dark night, friend, and you're out late."

"A dark night," I agreed, and plunged on. Behind me rattled and banged the abused buckboard, snorted the half-wild broncos, groaned the unrepaired brake, softly cursed my companions.

Then at once the abrupt descent ceased. We glided out to the silvered flat, above which sailed the moon.

The hour was seen to be half past one. We had missed our train. Nothing was visible of human habitations. The land was frosted with the moonlight, enchanted by it, etherealized. Behind us, huge and formidable, loomed the black mass of the range we had descended. Before us, thin as smoke in the magic lucence that flooded the world, rose other mountains, very great, lofty as the sky. We could not understand them. The descent we had just accomplished should have landed us on a level plain in which lay our town. But here we found ourselves in a pocket valley entirely surrounded by mountain ranges through which there seemed to be no pass less than five or six thousand feet in height.

We reined in the horses to figure it out.

"I don't see how it can be," said I. "We've certainly come far enough. It would take us four hours at the very least to cross that range, even if the railroad should happen to be on the other side of it."

"I been through here only once," repeated the driver—"going the other way. Then I drew a corpse." He spat, and added as an afterthought, "*Beau*-tiful Cal-if-or-nia!"

We stared at the mountains that hemmed us in. They rose above us sheer and forbidding. In the bright moonlight plainly were to be descried the brush of the foothills, the timber, the fissures, the cañons, the granites, and the everlasting snows.

Almost we thought to make out a mere thread of a water-fall high up where the clouds would be if the night had not been clear.

"We got off the trail somewhere," hazarded the Tenderfoot.

"Well, we're on a road, anyway," I pointed out to him. "It's bound to go somewhere. We might as well give up the railroad and find a place to turn in."

"It can't be far," encouraged the Tenderfoot; "this valley can't be more than a few miles across."

"Gi-dap?" remarked the driver.

We moved forward down the white wagon trail approaching the mountains. And then we were witnesses of the most marvelous transformation. For as we neared them, those impregnable mountains, as though panic-stricken by our advance, shrunk back, dissolved, dwin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dled, went to pieces. Where had towered ten-thousand-foot peaks, perfect in the regular succession from timber to snow, now were little flat hills on which grew tiny bushes of sage. A passage opened between them. In a hundred yards we had gained the open country, leaving behind us the mighty but unreal necromancies of the moon.

Before us gleamed red and green lights. The mass of houses showed half distinguishable. A feeble glimmer illuminated part of a white sign above the depot. That which remained invisible was evidently the name of the town. That which was revealed was the supplementary information which the Southern Pacific furnishes to its patrons. It read: "Elevation 482 feet." We were definitely out of the mountains.

XXII.—The Lure of the Trail

THE trail's call depends not at all on your common sense. You know you are a fool for answering it; and yet you go. The comforts of civilization, to put the case on its lowest plane, are not lightly to be renounced: the ease of having your physical labor done for you; the joy of cultivated minds, of theaters, of books, of participation in the world's progress; these you leave behind you. And in exchange you enter a life where there is much long hard work of the hands—work that is really hard and long, so that no man paid to labor would consider it for a moment; you undertake to eat simply, to endure much, to lie on the rack of anxiety; you voluntarily place yourself where cold, wet, hunger, thirst, heat, monotony, danger, and many discomforts will wait upon you daily. A thousand times in the course of a woods life even the stoutest-hearted will tell himself softly—very softly if he is really stout-hearted, so that others may not be annoyed—that if ever the fates permit him to extricate himself he will never venture again.

These times come when long continuance has worn on the spirit. You beat all day to windward against the tide toward what should be but an hour's sail: the sea is high and the spray cold; there are sunken rocks, and food there is none; chill gray evening draws dangerously near, and there is a foot of water in the bilge. You have swallowed your tongue twenty times on the alkali; and the sun is melting hot, and the dust dry and pervasive, and there is no water, and for all your effort the relative distances seem to remain the same for days. You have carried a pack until your every muscle is strung white-hot; the woods are breathless; the black flies swarm persistently and bite until your face is covered with blood. You have struggled through clogging snow until each time you raise your snowshoe you feel as though some one had stabbed a little sharp knife into your groin; it has come to be night; the mercury is away below zero, and with aching fingers you are to prepare a camp which is only an anticipation of many more such camps in the ensuing days. For a week it has rained, so that you, pushing through the dripping brush, are soaked and sodden and comfortless, and the bushes have become horrible to your shrinking gooseflesh. Or you are just plain tired out, not from a single day's fatigue, but from the gradual exhaustion of a long hike. Then in your secret soul you utter these sentiments:—

"You are a fool. This is not fun. There is no real reason why you should do this. If you ever get out of here, you will stick right home where common sense flourishes, my son!"

Then after a time you do get out, and are thankful. But in three months you will have proved in your own experience the following axiom—I should call it the widest truth the wilderness has to teach:—

"In memory the pleasures of a camping trip strengthen with time, and the disagreeables weaken."

I don't care how hard an experience you have had, nor how little of the pleasant has been mingled with it, in three months your general impression of that trip will be good. You will look back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the hard times with a certain fondness of recollection.

I remember one trip I took in the early spring following a long drive on the Pine River. It rained steadily for six days. We were soaked to the skin all the time, ate standing up in the driving downpour, and slept wet. So cold was it that each morning our blankets were so full of frost that they crackled stiffly when we turned out. Dispassionately I can appraise that as about the worst I ever got into. Yet as an impression the Pine River trip seems to me a most enjoyable one.

So after you have been home for a little while the call begins to make itself heard. At first it is very gentle. But little by little a restlessness seizes hold of you. You do not know exactly what is the matter: you are aware merely that your customary life has lost savor, that you are doing things more or less perfunctorily, and that you are a little more irritable than your naturally evil disposition. And gradually it is borne in on you exactly what is the matter. Then say you to yourself:—

"My son, you know better. You are no tenderfoot. You have had too long an experience to admit of any glamor of indefiniteness about this thing. No use bluffing. You know exactly how hard you will have to work, and how much tribulation you are going to get into, and how hungry and wet and cold and tired and generally frazzled out you are going to be. You've been there enough times so it's pretty clearly impressed on you. You go into this thing with your eyes open. You know what you're in for. You're pretty well off right here, and you'd be a fool to go."

"That's right," says yourself to you. "You're dead right about it, old man. Do you know where we can get another pack-mule?"

THE END

The Situation in Santo Domingo

By Sigmund Krausz

AGAIN one of the protracted, bloody periods of unrest and open revolution which for years have made Santo Domingo a veritable hell for its population, and a standing menace to the peaceable relations of the United States with some of the European powers, has apparently come to an end. The last of the turmoils—a long and bitter fight between Generals Jimenez and Morales—is over, leaving the latter in possession of the battlefield; and, for the moment at least, there is no pretender to dispute or question his supremacy.

This satisfactory result has been brought about partly by the friendly attitude of the neighboring Haytian government, which allowed the landing on its territory of Morales's troops to be used against the little army of Jimenez holding Monte Cristi, and partly by the mediation of the commander of the United States gunboat Detroit, stationed in Dominican waters, who induced the remnants of the revolutionary forces to surrender to the provisional government on certain conditions.

Since the achievement of this gratifying event Morales has, in due form, been elected President of Santo Domingo, with General Ramon Caceres in the Vice-Presidential chair, and has surrounded himself with a staff of Cabinet officers as good as can be found in a country where, as a rule, every government official holds office for the purpose of graft only. Reforms in this direction, as well as in others, have been promised by Morales, and his first message to the "Congreso Nacional," dated June 19, 1904, a copy of which lies before me, reiterates all the good intentions and assurances expressed in a personal interview I had with him at Santo Domingo City shortly before his regular election as chief of the government.

Promises are made to be broken, and a proverb says that the road to hell is paved with good intentions, but it is to be hoped that in the Morales case they will lead to a haven of peace and prosperity,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for there surely has been hell enough in Santo Domingo ever since, in 1844, it became an independent republic. There is, in fact, good reason for a favorable augury, for, since the assassination of President Heureaux in 1899 Santo Domingo had no stronger man to rule its destinies than its present chief, who combines force of character with more enlightened views than any of his predecessors. This hope is further justified by Morales having the advantage of the moral support of the United States, who in future will see to it that no contraband of arms and ammunition, on behalf of insurgents, are shipped to the island from American ports.

It is, of course, impossible to prognosticate definitely that Morales will succeed in safely steering his ship of state between the many and dangerous cliffs of official dishonesty, dissatisfaction of certain elements out of power, foreign creditors, and conditions imposed by the Monroe Doctrine of the United States; and for this reason the personality of the present incumbent of the presidential chair of Santo Domingo, who, under certain conditions, may usurpate dictatorial power, is of paramount interest to the American people, who, more than any other nation, aside from the Dominicans themselves, are concerned in the preservation of peace and the development of civilization and progress in the island.

Before discussing, however, Morales himself, I desire to correct a few mistaken impressions in regard to the country and its people.

The common idea that the population of Santo Domingo consists exclusively of a horde of savages, and that the generals and politicians causing the kaleidoscopic sequence of revolutions are of the same class, and, without exception, uneducated brutes and degenerates, is quite erroneous, and has been created for the sake of sensationalism, largely by journalists and magazine writers without personal knowledge of Dominican conditions, or by native exiles who, naturally, are always enemies of the party in power.

This impression is so general in the United States that even the editor of one of the largest dailies in New York City, with whom the writer conferred about Santo Domingo, expressed himself in regard to its population as "a horde of naked niggers who have some sort of a government, and whose chief occupation is murdering each other in an effort for the control of the offices."

While it is true that the vast majority of the Dominican people in the interior of the island live in a fearful state of ignorance, superstition, and even barbarism, caused by many decades of internal warfare, there is, however, also a class of natives who certainly ought not to be thrown in the same pot with them. These are the better citizens of the capital and the larger coast towns, among whom are many intelligent and educated men who had the advantage of fairly good schools and intercourse with foreigners.

Among this class are a number who have received all or part of their education abroad, who speak two or three languages, and who, in their social intercourse and manners, may safely be pronounced gentlemen. They follow the occupations of merchants, planters, lawyers, physicians, etc., and while, as a rule, they keep aloof from politics, it is from their strata of society that spring most of the military and political leaders of Santo Domingo.

There are few of these men who, by their appearance, betray the strain of negro blood in them, and the type is hardly distinguishable from that of Latin-Americans in general. In fact, so much has the colored blood been diluted in the propagation of a couple of centuries that the features of many of the higher class of Dominicans often present almost as pure a type as that of the proudest Creoles of the West Indies, whose politeness and good manners they also frequently exhibit.

The Dominicans have often been accused of lack of civic virtues, but there is no doubt as to their patriotism, and a people that possess this noble civic quality should not be called altogether savage and barbaric. Their patriotism, however, has manifested itself until now in a wrong way, being largely directed by unscrupulous leaders, who split the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

population into warring factions in order to pursue their own nefarious ends in the turmoil of civil strife and revolution.

The best proof that the Dominicans are capable of unity would have been furnished last spring had not events, luckily, shaped themselves so as to make a martial interference in the affairs of the island on the part of the United States unnecessary. At the time public opinion among all classes was so wrought up at the idea of foreign interference, and the waves of patriotism ran so high, that all inner trouble would have, at least temporarily, been smoothed over in order to present a united front against any invader, no matter what his strength; and the same feeling pervaded the neighbor Republic Hayti, which saw its own independence jeopardized by a foreign invasion of Santo Domingo.

As to the economical state of the country, the exaggerations have not been as severe as those of the social state of affairs, and the conditions, especially in the interior of the island, are really deplorable. Except in the coast regions, the soil is tilled just enough to produce the absolute necessities of life. Roads and highways, of which a century ago there were many crossing the island in all directions, have been allowed to deteriorate in such a degree that they are overgrown with brush and forest, and narrow trails, passable only for riding animals, form the sole communications between points in the interior. The rich shipping of the past has disappeared from the harbors, and were it not for the foreign planters, who still export about 50,000 tons of sugar, aside from some other agricultural products, the island ports would probably be altogether forsaken.

Yet there is no island among all the rich group of the Antilles that has better harbors or more natural resources than Santo Domingo, and its agricultural possibilities are infinitely greater than those of either Cuba or Porto Rico. Little is known as to its mineral wealth, but there is small doubt that the mountains of the interior contain large deposits of valuable ores that await only the pick of the prospector. Industry is *nil*, but what has been done in the commercial and agricultural development of Porto Rico, under the rule of the United States, could easily be duplicated in Santo Domingo during an era of peace, and under the government of a capable man.

The most pressing necessity of the island is the adjustment of its foreign financial obligations, amounting to approximately twenty-five million dollars. The United States are most interested in this phase of the conditions, and ought to lend even more than their moral support to any plan that will reasonably assure the foreign creditors of being paid in due time. To discharge these obligations from the national exchequer will take but a short time, if the island remains pacified, and its possibilities are exploited by foreign and native enterprise, protected by a stable government.

The payment of the national debt will remove the chief complication that, so far, has threatened to involve the United States with foreign powers on account of Santo Domingo. It will also do away with all possible chance for friction with the island Republic, in which American interests have increased manyfold since the acquirement of the Panama Canal put the Mona passage on the principal maritime highway between the isthmus and Atlantic ports.

On the personality of President Morales depends a great deal in the present situation, especially as far as it relates to the United States, and, as mentioned before, a favorable augury for the future of Santo Domingo is justified, when one considers the aggressive and fearless character of the man who is now at the head of the government.

The rise of Morales has been rapid, and may, aside from the fact that his career has been singularly free from reproach, be principally ascribed to these qualities. It takes a strong hand to rule the Dominicans, and, under the existing conditions, a clear head to administer the internal and foreign affairs of the island. Morales is said to possess both, and he enjoys the confidence of his people to a greater degree than any of his predecessors.

This is rather remarkable, as he is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young man, only thirty-seven, and his political experience, until his administration of the provisional government, has been confined to a deputyship in Congress, under Jimenez, and the governorship of La Plata province, under Wos y Gil. It can be plausibly explained only by his successsful fight against the misrule of his predecessors, and the belief of the people in his integrity and earnest purpose to give the Republic lasting peace and much-needed reforms.

Carlos F. Morales belongs to the better class of Dominicans mentioned before, masters French, English, and Spanish fluently, and has the advantage of an ecclesiastical education in a seminary of Santo Domingo City. He was, in fact, for eight years a priest, before disagreement with various dogmas of the Church and the desire to take an active part in the political affairs of his country induced him to throw aside the cassock.

He is a close student of West Indian conditions, and well acquainted with the affairs of the world in general. While being an ardent admirer of the United States and its institutions, and sincerely desiring its political friendship, he is at the same time the strongest opponent of any policy that would tend to make Santo Domingo a political dependency of Uncle Sam, either in the form of annexation or a protectorate. He thoroughly believes in the ability of the Dominicans to administer their own affairs, if his government is given time to institute the necessary reforms and to disentangle itself from its foreign financial complications.

American Politics[1]

OF the books that, directly or indirectly, have been called into being by the approaching Presidential election, an especial degree of interest attaches to Mr. Francis Curtis's "The Republican Party," which, bearing the stamp of official approval, appropriately makes its appearance upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the party. The work may be regarded as an imposing campaign document and a valuable book of reference. It recites the salient facts connected with the birth and purposes of the party, gives in convenient compass the history of the various conventions and campaigns from 1854 to 1900, preserves many important and interesting letters, papers, and records, narrates and summarizes legislative achievements, and incorporates some extremely useful statistical information. But, although the author has clearly spared neither care nor time in its compilation, it cannot be said that his should be called a history in the richest meaning of the term. It suffers from two serious limitations. In the first place, while Mr. Curtis devotes nearly two hundred pages to a survey of early American politics, he fails to make clear the relation of the Republicanism of to-day to the political movements of the past, the old-time Federalism, Republicanism, Whigism, and Democracy, preferring, in the case of the Democratic organization, to expend his efforts largely in an attempt to prove that it cannot claim to date prior to the administration of Andrew Jackson. Nor, coming down to modern times, does he, even in regard to conventions and campaigns, show any great inclination to delve far beneath the surface. Thus, beyond disclosing in a satisfactory manner the causes leading to the formation of the Republican party and its subsequent development along high tariff and broad construction lines, his work can scarcely be termed other than a chronicle.

Against its acceptance as a critical and interpretative history lies the further fact that it is partisan. And it is avowedly so. Mr. Curtis frankly writes: "The work has been prepared by an avowed Republican, who is a stanch advocate of Protection and of honest money." The nature and extent of his partisanship may be well seen in the claim that throughout its existence the party has "knowingly committed but one

[1] *The Republican Party.* By Francis Curtis. Illustrated. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York
True Republicanism. By Frank Preston Stearns. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

error, the one exception to prove the rule." As an intense party man Mr. Curtis is by no means backward in paying his respects not only to the Democratic party, but to the "so-called independent voters," whom he criticises with great warmth in a closing chapter. Indeed, throughout his work the party feeling is in evidence, but despite this there can be no doubt concerning its value as a chronological and statistical handbook. In this respect it is remarkably free from error.

A particular interest attaches to the chapters wherein are discussed the formation and early development of the party. Mr. Curtis unhesitatingly accords to Jackson, Michigan, the honor of birthplace, and credits Ripon, Wisconsin, with being the scen of the "first considerable gathering" to frame plans and policies. The various controversies regarding birthplace, origin of name, etc., are discussed at some length, with a summing up in the following passage:

It is quite natural that the name Republican should occur to many at or about the same time in different parts of the country. It is a name simple in construction, and yet vast in the interpretation of its meaning. Of one thing we may be sure: that neither Greeley nor Seward nor Sumner nor Chase nor Wilson, nor any of those who became the leaders and most prominent in the party after it was established did little, if anything, to help it at its birth. It was the earnest and zealous commoner who founded the party and put it on its feet. The opportunity was ripe for such a man as Seward to take the leadership from the start, and he no doubt would have been well supported had he done so, but those men who afterwards became the great pillars of the party, in what seemed to them wisdom and good judgment, hesitated about disrupting the old Whig party, or were jealous and reluctant to sacrifice all that had gone before the new and untried. It can almost be said that the Republican party founded itself.

Mr. Curtis's text is preceded by no less than four introductory articles—a foreword by President Roosevelt, introductions by Senator Frye and Speaker Cannon, who, writing from different points of view, agree in warmly praising the product of Mr. Curtis's research, and a preface by Mr. Curtis himself. The President's contribution is a characteristic paper. Using a brief and forceful speech by Abraham Lincoln as a basis, he gives free expression to his views on National greatness, and on the obligations of the political party and the individual citizen to the Nation. In part, he writes:

It is of course the merest truism to say that a party is of use only so far as it serves the nation, and that he serves his party best who serves the nation best. In 1856 and in 1860, the party was of use because it stood against the extension of slavery; in 1864, because it stood against all slavery as well as against the destruction of this Union; in 1868, because it stood against those who wished to undo the results of the war. These are now dead issues; but we can learn how to face the live issues of the present by studying in good faith how men faced these dead issues of the past. We must act with wisdom or else our adherence to right will be mere sound and fury without substance; and we must act high-mindedly or else our wisdom will in the long run prove to be but folly in the eyes of the just and the far-sighted. Our policy must be such as will secure material prosperity to the nation; for exactly as a man cannot be a good citizen unless by his work he is able to keep himself and those dependent upon him from want, so a nation can count for little until it has the power which is based on physical well-being. Yet it is an evil thing for the nation, as for the individual, if material well-being is accepted as in itself all sufficient; such well-being is worthless save as a foundation on which to build the higher life. It is a good thing for the nation as for the man to have the money-making capacity, but back of this and above it must stand those qualities which in their sum make up that high and fine type of character which tells for true greatness. Such was the character shown in every phase of the work of Lincoln.

Lincoln is made the subject of one of the half-dozen essays comprised in Mr. Frank P. Stearns's "True Republicanism," a work in some respects of singular merit but of a pronounced unevenness of quality. In addition to the study of the great war President, whom the writer appears inclined to underestimate, the little volume contains papers having as theme: "Alexander Hamilton," a highly laudatory pen portrait; "The Winter of 1861," chiefly a review of Von Holst's "History of American Politics;" "Southern Reconstruction," wherein the policy adopted by Congress is upheld and a capital survey made of the progress of the negro since reconstruction; "The Ethics of War," in which Mr. Stearns undertakes to show that war has been favorable to progress and civilization,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and "Rational Republicanism," the last named giving title to the book and being undoubtedly the most important. Herein Mr. Stearns upholds this ideal of statesmanship—"To construct a government which shall be strong without being tyrannical, which shall advance the interests of its own people without detriment to other nations, which acts with sufficient unity of purpose without interfering too much with local institutions and customs, and which shall be at once conservative and progressive." Keeping this ideal in mind, he proceeds to scrutinize and criticise existing institutions and conditions, with a view to pointing out wherein we fall short of and how we may attain to "rational republicanism."

By way of preliminary, he draws a well-defined line of demarcation between the terms "democracy" and "republicanism," insisting that, so far from being in any way interchangeable, they connote respectively a political condition and a form. "Democratic principles," he also finds, hamper the attainment of the "rational republican" ideal to which he would have the Nation aspire, since they inculcate "the notion that the less a people is governed the better." One does not have to read long to perceive that Mr. Stearns's "rational republicanism" involves a great access of power to the central government—he even urges the appointment of the governors of the several States by the President—and a consequent curtailment of State rights. To arrive at this goal and to affect the political reforms which he finds necessary, he advocates the restriction of the suffrage by the enactment of a law compelling the prospective voter to pass an examination in arithmetic and American history, exempt classes, however, to include a goodly array ranging from "all professional persons" to "all persons holding positions which indicate character and responsibility," and including "all owners of real estate to the extent of eight hundred or a thousand dollars." The extinction of machine politics and of the boss system is also demanded in a ringing indictment of attendant evils. Mr. Stearns, in truth, frequently thrusts home, but too often he allows his predilections, even his prejudices, to override his judgment. This tendency is particularly noticeable in his studies of personalities and especially in his treatment of Jefferson and Hamilton.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ainu Group (The) at the St. Louis Exposition. By Frederick Starr. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 118 pages.

A valuable contribution to the literature of comparative ethnology, well illustrated from many photographs.

Arithmetic for Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 117 pages.

Art-Literature Readers (The): A Primer. By Eulalie Osgood Grover. Illustrated. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago. 6×7½ in. 111 pages.

Cathedrals of Southern France (The). By Francis Miltoun. Illustrated. (The Cathedral Series.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 554 pages. $1.60, net.

This book, like its companion volume, "The Cathedrals of Northern France," is a popular account of a large number of the most interesting cathedral churches in France with numerous appendices and maps, and with many illustrations. The book is written in a popular style and may serve the triple purpose of a book of reference, a handbook, or a book of very pleasant reading. A third volume, one on the cathedrals of England, is to complete the series.

College Entrance Requirements in English, 1906-1908. (For Study and Practice.) (Eclectic English Classics.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 473 pages.

Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Edited with Notes, etc., by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. Vol. VI. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 410 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Elfin Songs of Sunland. By Charles Keeler. Published at the Sign of the Live Oak, Berkeley, Cal. 5½×8¼ in. 100 pages. 75c., net. (Additional postage, 5c.)

Fanciful and genial poems of funny animals

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and elves. Children who like Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" will like this also.

First Latin Writer (A). By Mather A. Abbott. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 145 pages.

Folk-Lore Readers (The). A Primer. By Eulalie Osgood Grover. Illustrated. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago. 6×7½ in. 112 pages.

Green Diamond (The). By Arthur Morrison. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Morrison writes two entirely different kinds of story; one, of which his "Tales of Mean Streets" is a good example, is intensely realistic and deals with modern London life in its lower aspects; the other, to which the present book belongs, is sensational, and of the detective story order. For a book of this kind Mr. Morrison has hit an ingenious scheme here: a rare and precious green diamond, stolen from an India Rajah, is sent to England in one of a case of magnums of Imperial Tokay; through an error the bottles are sold and dispersed, and the different people who have an interest to recover the green diamond start on a search for the magnums; thus, each bottle leads to a story of its own. The book is amusing and in its way well done.

Haeckel's Contribution to Religion. By A. S. Mories. Watts & Co., London, E.C. 5×7¾ in. 80 pages.

Harmonized and Subject Reference New Testament. Arranged by James W. Shearer. The Subject Reference Co., Delaware, N. J. 4×6½ in. 649 pages. $1.50.

King of the Mamozekel (The). By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated. (Roberts's Animal Stories.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 84 pages. 50c.

Mr. Roberts's animal stories have both knowledge and imagination. This tale of a bull moose is no exception.

Masters of English Literature (The). By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 423 pages. $1.10 net.

Miracles of Unbelief (The). By Frank Ballard, M.A., B.D. (Popular Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 382 pages. $1, net.

Old Voices. By Howard Weeden. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. $1.50, net.

Miss Weeden is very happy in her choice of Southern subjects and pictures illustrating the old plantation life, while her poems often have pleasing spirit and sentiment.

Political History of Virginia During the Reconstruction (The). By Hamilton James Eckenrode. (Johns Hopkins University Studies, Series XXII.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9¾ in.

Provincial Committees of Safety of the American Revolution (The). By Agnes Hunt, Ph.D., Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 180 pages.

Reading and Language Lessons for Evening Schools. By William E. Chancellor. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 112 pages.

Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers. By Jeannette Robinson Murphy. The Bandanna Publishing Co., New York. 10½×12½ in. 47 pages. $1.25, net.

Stories of Little Animals. By Lenore Elizabeth Mulets. Illustrated. (Phyllis Field Friends Series.) L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 279 pages. $1.

Stories about the common animals known to children—the dog, the rabbit, the mole, the squirrel, and so on. The stories are simple and the pictures good.

Treasury of Illustration (A). By Henry Ward Beecher. Edited and Selected by John R. Howard and Truman J. Ellinwood. Introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis. The F. H. Revell Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 675 pages. $3.50, net.

Titian. By Georg Gronau. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 322 pages. $2, net.

This is a translation of a book which appeared in Germany four years ago, designed not so much for the critics of art as for students and that larger public which is in the way of seeing the masterpieces of Titian and desires to see them intelligently. The book is based largely on the work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. It is not, however, merely an epitome of a more elaborate and complete work; it embodies the result of individual study and criticism and embodies also valuable biographical material which has come to light since the appearance of the earlier work. The writer has endeavored not only to tell the story of Titian's life, but to bring out the characteristics of the several periods of his artistic career, his relations to his patrons; in a word, to set the man among his contemporaries and against the background of his age. The volume is printed from large type and generously illustrated.

Two Leading Doctrines of the Catholic Church Examined: Being an Analysis of the Mass and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin. By John Hunkey. Published by the Author, Atchison, Kansas. 4½×6¾ in. 126 pages. 10c. (Postage, 3c.)

United States with an Excursion into Mexico (The): Handbook for Travelers. By Karl Baedeker. (Third Revised Edition.) With Maps and Plans. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 660 pages. $3.60, net.

This latest addition to Baedeker's invaluable handbooks is a compilation from the three volumes on Northern, Central, and Southern Italy, and is designed for travelers who are compelled to make the tour of the country within a brief period and who have not the opportunity for the most minute exploration and study.

World's Work (The): St. Louis Exposition. August Number, 1904. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7¼×10½ in.

The issue of that enterprising and original monthly "The World's Work" has rightly been thought worthy of a permanent form because of its elaborate pictorial and descriptive treatment of the World's Fair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Sunday Opening of World's Fairs

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you permit the author of the law closing St. Louis Fair on Sunday to reply to your unsupported assumption that those who now patronize the outside beer gardens, theaters, and vile shows on Sunday would desert these for the Art Gallery if it was also open? Bishop Potter and Cardinal Gibbons, on the same assumption, wrote letters in favor of Sunday opening of the Chicago Fair, but took them back promptly when I courteously reminded them that it would not be at all like the opening of a library on Sunday, to which I do not object; for any opening would be seized upon by transportation companies as an occasion for bringing a flood of noisy excursionists, who would drink before and after entering the Fair, if not inside also, so that the outside resorts would have more, rather than less, patronage, while Sunday closing would reduce the number of visitors in the city to a minimum. You forget that before the Fair opened St. Louis was a "wide open" city, and also that those who frequent illegal dives would care little for any of the nobler elements of the Fair.

The whole theory that we can draw people from one sin by giving them another, one grade higher, would call for a graduated scale starting with the opening of a Sunday fair to draw from a beer garden, and then by the same logic the beer garden should be offered as a substitute for the brothel. The remedy for the lawless Sunday openings in St. Louis is not more Sabbath-breaking, but law enforcement. I hope you do not forget how your own correspondent a few years ago was sent to write up a real Sunday excursion, and found, not a devout and orderly company going to "worship God in Nature," but a beer garden on wheels. That, multiplied a thousand times, Sunday opening of a World's Fair would invite and involve. Congress has wisely decided that the Fair at least shall exhibit, in celebrating the Louisiana purchase, not the French Sunday, but the American Sabbath, which is by far our best exhibit.

Washington, D. C. WILBUR F CRAFTS.

[Without attempting to carry on a discussion upon the subject, we should like to correct the interpretation of our views which this letter of Dr. Crafts' gives. We do not consider the opening of the grounds and the art galleries of the Fair as a sin; therefore we are very far from arguing that "we can draw people from one sin by giving them another, one grade higher." There is objection, given on high authority, to straining out a gnat when swallowing a camel. In this case we do not acknowledge the presence even of the gnat. Neither do we maintain that the opening of the Fair would result in depriving the low resorts of their patronage. The contrast of the tight-closed gates of the Fair with the wide-open door of the low resorts is one which, to a person of any imagination, reveals a curious moral judgment. All day Sunday people of low taste and primitive or perverted morals are freely allowed a form of recreation far from uplifting, while other people, who are advanced enough to take their pleasure innocently, are denied access to an unusual source of innocent and indeed uplifting recreation. A dramatic comparison of this sort obviously points a moral better than a long argument.—THE EDITORS.]

Normal Schools for China

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The educational awakening throughout China is a matter for profound attention to all thoughtful persons. Reform in education is in the air. The great mandarins in Peking are taking it up, and edicts favoring it have been sent throughout the Empire. Some of the great viceroys are warmly and enthusiastically in favor of it. Many of the Imperial examiners in their examination of the literary men in the various provinces for their degrees show that they sympathize by the new and startling questions they put to the examinees. The scholars who form the thinkers of the nation, and from whom the future rulers are selected, may be considered favorable, since we hear of no protest from them, but rather a readiness to fall in with the new régime which they see is imminent. This awakening is explained in various ways. Some dwell on the influence of Japan since her adoption of Western methods, some on the desire of the Chinese to cope with Westerners; some hold that the reason is to be found in the desire for gain.

The fact is that the native teachers lack the most rudimentary ideas of how to teach. The Chinese method is one that never aims at developing the thought and the imagination of the pupils. For two thousand years the main thought has been to cram the minds and memories of the scholars with their classical literature, and to leave the mind absolutely untrained to anything like original thought. We shall never be able to secure school reform until we have men trained in Western methods. This can only be done by the establishment of normal schools, where the men shall not only be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taught the science of teaching, but where they shall be delivered from the profound belief in the native methods which have been ingrained into them by ages of experience.

In Amoy it is proposed to establish such a normal school on the broadest and most liberal Christian basis. Literary men of all shades of religious belief are to be admitted. The curriculum will extend over three years. Not only will scientific knowledge be imparted, but actual experience in teaching will be given.

Of course all this means a considerable outlay. We would require a highly trained and efficient teacher from home. No Chinese could take his place. There should be the erection of suitable school buildings and the granting of a good round sum annually, to meet the necessary initial expenses.

The Chinese will be expected to exercise all liberality in such a scheme, but at the outset they would need help and stimulus and guidance, which they are ready to value.

To make teachers willing for their toilsome duties, fairly good salaries should be given. From different quarters the call for teachers comes. All thoughtful persons realize that the time has come when a forward movement must be made in the matter. Friends of progress in Amoy have had a conference on the subject. Care has been taken as to a curriculum, and as to the present statement. To fail in carrying on this movement will be to lose splendid opportunities. A reckoning has come to hand that, if only teachers were obtainable, ten thousand day schools might be opened in China. Opportunity is thus given us of educating the next generation of the Chinese.

Inquiries on the matter may be made of Rev. J. Sadler, London Mission, Amoy, who will lay them before the educationists who have already met in conference, and who are prepared to work at the scheme.

Amoy, China. J. SADLER.

The Yosemite

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. White's recent article entitled "The Valley" merits a protest. Seven thousand people of all ages visited the Yosemite in 1902, more probably last year, so far as I know, without a fatality. Having visited the Valley in June of last year, and knowing, from a residence of three years in California, of frightful accidents which have occurred to persons who had much experience in the mountains, I think this is a wonderful record. None of the guides seemed to me to be officious or over-careful. If Mr. White should undertake to put a full-sized Mexican saddle on one of these very small mules, to be ridden on the trails by a child or middle-aged woman who had never been in the saddle before, and not look well and often to the cinches, his judgment would not seem colossal.

Two accidents did take place within eight days last June, which are in point. Each escaped more serious results by occurring in unusually favorable places. In one a mule, carrying a lady, fell in a wide part of the trail, and rolled completely over, merely demolishing a camera tied to the saddle. In the second, a stage runaway, due to green horses (the stock has to be renewed completely about every six weeks) and a defective brake, began at the only place in thirty miles where the road ran for half a mile without dangerous depressions on one side or the other. The passengers were finally thrown out, the driver on a pile of rocks. His life was despaired of for several days.

H. H. B.

"What is Religion?"

I.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

No thoughtful Christian and especially no pastor could read your issue of August 13 without having his attention riveted by the letter under the above caption and by your editorial reply thereto. With much of what you say in the latter I find myself in accord, but against one paragraph—in some respects the most important paragraph of all—I am constrained to enter my most earnest and emphatic protest.

The paragraph I allude to is this: "If our correspondent will get rid entirely of the notion that the Bible is a book which aims to give accurate and trustworthy information about God, and will realize that it is the story of the lives of men who were groping after God, wishing to find God, trying to understand God, and coming in various degrees of knowledge of him and fellowship with him, he will find many if not most of his difficulties about the interpretation of the Bible removed."

This theory of the Bible is diametrically opposed to the theory to be found in the book itself. For Peter claims that "no prophecy ever came by the will of man, but men *spake from God*, being moved by the Holy Ghost." The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews accepts the same theory, asserting that God spoke unto the fathers in the prophets. Paul regards Scripture as in such sense "inspired of God" as to be "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction"—which "the story of the lives of men groping after God" could hardly be conceived to be. Above all, Christ himself positively affirms that the Scriptures testify of him. It need scarcely be added that if this be the uniform statement as to the Old Testament, it needs no toning down for the New.

The Christianity of which this editorial statement is an exponent is not the Christianity which has through the centuries conquered the world. The theory propounded is not the theory of the early Church; it is not the theory of Augustine, nor of Luther, nor of Wesley, nor of Knox; and these are representatives of the power that has come off conqueror through the ages. Nor is this the theory which has pulsed through the great missionary movement of the past century and of the present day. The men who are proclaiming the Gospel to those who sit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in darkness are not telling them the story of "men groping after God," but of God reaching after men, as revealed in a book that does give "accurate and trustworthy information about him," as well as a direct message from him. The Outlook may be right, but if so, the missionary forces are wrong—are flying false colors, and are utterly unworthy of the success they have achieved.

Holding the view that The Outlook does, the statement that "prayer is not asking for things," and that "asking for things is the poorest phase of prayer," is perhaps not surprising. That prayer is *more* than "asking things" no one will question. But it is at least significant that almost all the prayers recorded in the Bible, outside of the Book of Psalms, are requests for definite things, and that when our Lord gave his disciples a model prayer, it was made up wholly of "asking for things." Supposing that "things," as used in the editorial, means temporalities only (which is hardly a fair interpretation of the word in its context), there still is the "daily bread."

In conclusion, I beg to say through you to your correspondent that while we pastors do not stand for the caricature of Christianity which he sets forth, neither do we at all accept what he represents as the view of the "higher critics." We would rather break stone on the roads than proclaim from the pulpit what we do not confidently accept. We honestly accept the Bible as an inspired exposition of what man is to believe concerning God, and of the duty God requires of man. We have ourselves experienced its power. We are not ignorant of nor unsympathetic toward such difficulties as your correspondent raises, but we firmly believe that every one of them can be met without sacrificing the inspiration of Scripture or minimizing the objective efficacy of prayer, or modifying the Church's statement as to the divinity of Christ.

C. A. R. JANVIER.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[That our correspondent's view is not that uniformly held by modern orthodoxy is evident from the following quotation from the late Dr. Samuel Harris, Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University: "If God reveals himself, it must be through the medium of the finite and finite beings. . . . Hence both the revelation itself and man's apprehension of the God revealed must be progressive, and at any point of time incomplete. Hence, while it is the true God who reveals himself, man's apprehension of God at different stages of his development may be not only incomplete, but marred by gross misconceptions." The Bible, then, may contain a revelation from God and yet be not infallible. That all scholars do not agree with our correspondent in thinking that Luther and the early Reformers held to an infallible revelation is evident from this quotation from August Sabatier: "The Scripture . . . is not the mistress of true Christianity, but is its servant. The servant need not be perfect; it suffices that she be faithful. . . . This earlier tradition, taken as a whole, is not more secure than others from error, forgetfulness, imperfections, and additions. 'If it contains gold and silver,' said Luther, 'it also has its hay and stubble.'" Samuel Harris: The Self-Revelation of God, p. 8; Auguste Sabatier: The Religions of Authority, p. 162.—THE EDITORS.]

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent issue of The Outlook you have endeavored to give an answer to the question, "What is Religion?" You bring out a distinction between *knowing about* God and *knowing* God, a distinction which I have often heard advanced as a death-blow to agnosticism. To be sure, there is a difference between the meanings of the two expressions, the exact nature of which it is not necessary to define, because of a relation between the two meanings that you seem to have overlooked. We may know something about a person without knowing him, but we can not *know him* without *knowing something about him.* If I say I know John Smith, it may mean any one of a number of degrees of acquaintance, this degree being dependent upon the number and nature of the things that I know about John Smith. If I do not know anything *about* him, I cannot by any means *know* him. To *know* him at all I must know either what he looks like, what he does, what he thinks (as shown by his actions and words), or some other thing *about* him.

Now the Agnostic shows that we cannot know anything about God, and the Christian brings forward the subtle sophistry that religion does not consist in knowing about God but in knowing God, in acquaintance with God. Can I be acquainted with one concerning whom I know not one single thing—not even whether he exists? To my mind it is clear that though "knowing" means more than "knowing about," yet we cannot know any one until we know *something* about him. *

[We can best answer this letter by some quotations: "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." (Herbert Spencer.) "There is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." (Matthew Arnold) "There is a philosophy which denies the Infinite. There is also a philosophy, pathologically classified, which denies the seen; this philosophy is called blindness. To erect our lack of a sense into a source of truth is a fine blind man's self-sufficiency." (Victor Hugo.) "For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." (St. Paul.) "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him and have seen him." (Jesus Christ.)—THE EDITORS.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED